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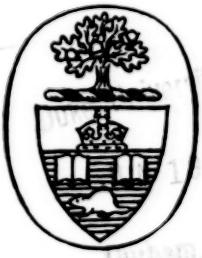

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HAMLET AS ALLEGORY

WILLIAM ROBBINS

IT has been said that to read all the books about Shakespeare would leave no time to read Shakespeare. It might almost be said that to read all that has been written on *Hamlet,* or on Hamlet, would leave no time to read the play. Bishop Blougram's "two points in Hamlet's soul unseized by the Germans yet" have long since been the inverted apexes of critical reputations, and the inevitable swing from the romantic obsession with soul to the realistic preoccupation with dramatic values and historical context has produced its own formidable library of scholarship and criticism insisting that "the play's the thing."

Such being the case, the time for taking Hamlet's last words to heart seems at hand, if not long overdue, especially when a majority of the essays and studies probably deserve the satirical thrust in the famous verse about Shakespeare failing badly because he hadn't read Professor Bradley. Yet silence, before the unique and challenging complexity of *Hamlet,* is too much to ask of human nature. Everyone who has studied the play, lectured upon it, however inadequately, and known that freshness of discovery which makes every return an exciting experience, feels impelled at some time to cry "Eureka!" For if it is tritely true that every man is his own Hamlet, it is equally true that the play challenges every reader to pluck the heart out of its mystery.

Mystery, I hasten to say, is too apocalyptic a word, too suggestive of Delphos or Rome, to apply to the pedestrian humanistic interpretation here offered. The "true" meaning of the play may lie in the realm of supernature, of some undiscovered country where God and the soul are the alpha and omega. Or it may lie in the restricted area of dramatic convention and exacting material, of theatrical expediency and contemporary reference. Yet there is a broad middle ground where *Hamlet* is neither merely a play that holds the boards nor, on the other hand, a groping for eternal non-human verities, a ground on which parable and allegory can be convenient terms to express a meaning perceived on the basis of one's own reading and thinking and experience. To say that this meaning is not Shakespeare's is an obvious but irrelevant criticism, where no such claim is made. For surely any personal interpretation of a work of art, without necessarily being whimsical or eccentric, involves the assumption that meaning implicit in the materials used is not made explicit, perhaps would even be rejected, by the artist. The mirror held up reflects a nature in which the critic

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is, with conscious or unconscious egoism, the self-appointed interpreter of a passing show of which he forms a part.

One way of viewing *Hamlet* as an allegory of human nature and human existence, a revealing commentary on the men we are and the life we know, is to place the emphasis upon six of the characters, and to balance them three against three. On the one side are the Ghost, the King, and Hamlet; on the other the Queen, Ophelia, and Horatio. In the former three we have human nature obsessed, distorted, fanatical, embodying the dynamism which, whatever its motives, is destructive of peaceful equilibrium. In the latter three we have human nature tolerant, acquiescent, rational, by its limitations as much as by its virtues preservative of harmony and stability. Nor is this selection indefensible on other grounds, since the most significant psychological tensions and dramatic relations are usually expressed in terms of these half-dozen characters. One may, without simplifying the pattern unreasonably, regard Polonius as a stock elderly wiseacre, a pleasantly pompous old bore; Laertes as an unpleasantly pompous chip off the old block; and Fortinbras as an equally stock man of action, fortuitous and peripheral. And the rest are nowhere.

In *Hamlet* as a tragedy of revenge, the main motivation for the action of the play is, naturally, the demand of the Ghost for vengeance upon Claudius. And the most dramatically obvious disturber of the peace in the relations of men has been the thirst for revenge, from the nemesis pattern of Greek tragedy to the feuding of clansmen and gangsters. Even when no divine voice cries "Vengeance is mine!" the futility of an obsession with revenge is apparent to reason. One may of course choose to see in the Ghost's implacable insistence only the operation of the principle of justice. But there is something vindictive as well as unconvincing in the Ghost's dwelling upon his own virtues as against the vileness of a wretch "whose natural gifts were poor," when in fact the *natural* gifts of Claudius, whether in attracting the love of Gertrude or in managing the affairs of state, are considerable. Nor is the ghostly distinction between the Queen, who may be left to heaven and to "those thorns that in her bosom lodge," and that "beast" Claudius an especially valid distinction in the light of the King's sick confession that his "offence is rank, it smells to heaven," and of Hamlet's confident pronouncement that his theatrical trap will catch "the conscience of the King." The demand of the Ghost is for revenge, not justice; the duty that the finer-grained Hamlet is compelled to recognize, and with which he lashes and excoriates his troubled mind and spirit, is vengeance.

The lust for power (to which the gratifying of sexual lust by bodily possession can be related) is of course a subtler form of "abnormality" and of much wider ramifications. Not merely power corrupts, but ambition, and the result can never be only a self-regarding act. The resultant distortion has its most catastrophic impact, its most violent and disruptive effect upon the lives of others, in *Macbeth*. By contrast Claudius, with his desire and ability to maintain an orderly and prosperous kingdom after his crime, has nothing of Macbeth's power to suggest a tremendous natural destructive force raging out of control, a cyclone or prairie fire. He is recognizably and ordinarily human in his attempt to offset his load of guilt and sense of hypocrisy by measuring up to the demands of his high office. Yet he is for that very reason an even more effective *symbol* of the inescapable consequences, both individual and social, of the lust for power.

To speak of Hamlet is to crowd on to the point of a pin where now even angels fear to tread (and to lose a palpable hit in a foolish figure). Yet in this balance of types and forces he may be drawn in one dimension as the idealist unable to compromise, the disappointed perfectionist driven by his dream, even by his "bad dreams," the man who, when the time is out of joint, may curse his destiny, but accepts his role as the instrument of fate. For such men generally, confusion and suffering and bloodshed on the plane of ordinary human activity count for nothing beside the imperative urge to establish or re-establish an equilibrium on a higher plane, a transcendent principle of honour or justice or order realizing the ideal, the inner vision. History bears full witness, especially in the annals of religious fanaticism, to the disruptive power of those who would change history itself, and that quickly, into conformity with the reflected image of their gods or themselves. And not even the eloquent disgust of Knox or Savonarola with erring or too-accommodating human nature can surpass Hamlet's violent denunciations of Ophelia and Gertrude, or his viewing the world from the depths of his own disillusionment as "a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours."

Against the explosive action of mighty opposites set in motion by a ghostly catalyst, this trio of perennially and eternally disturbing forces, ordinary simple humanity tries to pursue its live-and-let-live policy, unheroic yet hardly deserving of Hamlet's withering scorn for exhibiting only "bestial oblivion." The worst that can be said of the Queen herself is that she is an easy-going hedonist, incapable of heart-searching concern over the nicer moral issues. She wishes to be happy, and to see those about her happy. Her love for both Claudius and

Hamlet is genuine, and even ennobled by her devoted courage when Laertes threatens the King, and by her loyal silence regarding Hamlet's secret. Her affection and pity for Ophelia make her the fit speaker of the most tender and pathetic lines in the play. Even Hamlet acquits her of any complicity in the murder on the strength of her bewildered reply, "As kill a king?" (it is significant that he does not repeat the Ghost's peevish accusation of adultery) and attacks her only as the too-willing partner in an "incestuous" union. In short, the Queen's one unpardonable sin is that she has failed to live up to Hamlet's ideal of womanhood. Removed to the happier context of comedy, she might with Sir Toby retort upon a moralistic attacker with a defence of cakes and ale.

Ophelia is the very type and symbol of trusting and simple innocence (whatever Freudians may choose to make of her lyrics in the mad scene). She has the transparent purity of clear water, which indeed furnishes the appropriate imagery for her death in "the glassy stream." Her ideas and feelings are conventional and uncomplicated, and she asks no more of life than a continuance of the familiar pattern of affection and benevolent guidance. From being the loving and dutiful daughter she would become the loving and dutiful wife. She is the child in the house. And as such, in the sheer brutality of her totally undeserved suffering, she uniquely underlines the theme of ordinary life maimed or shattered when it comes, unwillingly or unwittingly, between the "pass and fell incensed points" of irrational and violent forces.

To describe these disruptive forces as irrational is to bring in Horatio, as what the Pope in *The Ring and the Book* calls "the rational man, the type of common sense." His function as a foil to Hamlet, as well as confidant, is sufficiently brought out in Hamlet's tributes to him as a just man, one not passion's slave but of blood and judgment well commingled, so well that his verdict on the King's behaviour in the mouse-trap scene is essential to Hamlet's purpose. His remarks to the guards at the beginning of the play show us that he is sceptical of what may be illusion or superstition; his final words express his clear-eyed conviction that a full statement of the whole tragic story must be made at once, lest more "plots and errors happen." Never does he approve violence. When Hamlet observes that a divinity "shapes our ends," Horatio is quick to agree. But when Hamlet proposes to "rough-hew" them by exacting vengeance, and demands eagerly, "Is't not perfect conscience to quit him with this arm?" Horatio avoids a direct answer. He is temperate and moderate, *aurea mediocritas*, the spectator whose personal involvement through loyalty to one man has nowise obscured

his powers of detached and critical observation of all men. All the more striking, then, is his attempt at suicide when Hamlet is dying, an attempt abandoned only because his disciplined mind accepts the last duty of friendship demanded of him by Hamlet. The storms which have overwhelmed the pleasure-loving Queen and the trusting and simple Ophelia have dragged the spiritual anchor of the seemingly self-sufficient Horatio. At some emotional centre of this rationalist's being life has lost its meaning, and the final comment on the devastating effect upon ordinary human lives of men behaving like gods or devils is Horatio's quiet despair.

It is here, when the allegorical pattern seems complete in the balance of types and forces, and there is possibly a murmur of "Gigadibs!" that the ground breaks away to "the firmer yet beneath it" posited by Blougram. Or rather, the meaning deepens and broadens as we contemplate the despair of Horatio the rational man, whose philosophy dreams not of those "things in heaven and earth" that possess the mind of Hamlet, yet fails him when tragedy strikes. The mirror is still held up to nature, but to a nature cruelly enigmatic. The allegory is still derived from the empirical application of the play to life, but now the application is to the whole theme of human existence in its fundamental and tragic irony.

A tolerant hedonism, a dutiful simplicity, a balanced and passion-free judgment—here would seem to be the ingredients of a civilized and equable life. Obsession, ambition, uncompromising idealism—these are the disturbers of the peace and the heralds of the Furies. The grandeur is bought with terror, the poetry and the vision with pity and fear, the superhuman triumphs at the cost of human sacrifice. In the irresistible appeal of these deviations from the rational norm, the search for or surrender to the larger than life at the cost of life itself, the sceptical humanist sees the tragic irony of human behaviour. The clue to the irony is not in the passive dependence of Gertrude and Ophelia, not in the egocentric drive of the Ghost and Claudius. The clue is in that climactic surrender of reason to emotion in Horatio, in the supreme gesture of loyalty which would raise him to the tragic level, and at the same time, ironically, cancel out the cumulative effect of Hamlet's tributes to his invulnerability. And the clue leads us, inevitably, to the complex mind and character of Hamlet himself, to a fuller and juster understanding than was afforded by our one-dimensional view.

For the conflict expressed in the balance of forces, and the tragically triumphant imbalance, is a recurring aspect of Hamlet's awareness, from the momentary revolt of "O cursed spite!" to the stark

negation of his last words. The meaning of the play is absorbed into the comprehensive human nature of the hero, of all Shakespeare's great tragic figures the most representative of the complex humanity epitomized as "this quintessence of dust." His idealizing, even deifying of his father, his disillusioned disgust with his mother, the hatred of his uncle which seemingly cannot achieve its total satisfaction by killing the murderer at prayer—all these reflect absolute judgments which impel to swift action and recognize neither the claims of frail humanity nor the obliterating power of time. Yet he does not act, and his procrastination is explained, in part at least, by the sense of futility which oppresses him as he views his own problem in the light of time's eternity and human history. The relative judgment is more congenial to him than the absolute ("there's nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so"); the *vanitas vanitatum* theme is ever present to his mind, as in the speculation on the inglorious metamorphosis of Alexander; despite his acquiescence in the ghost's reality, he knows that whatever secrets may lie beyond the grave, they are in "the undiscover'd country from whose bourn no traveller returns."

This contemplative strain, at once rational and realistic, the source of his affinity with and admiration for Horatio, is ever at war in Hamlet with the imaginative idealism which sees him "prompted to [his] revenge by heaven and hell," the restorer of order and harmony in the universe. And it is the stronger force of the two, this melancholy awareness that men are neither gods nor supermen, that "the spirit that I have seen may be a devil." Occasions to spur his "dull revenge" are needed, and the fantastic quarrel "for an eggshell" has to be rationalized as a challenge to his own failure to use his "godlike reason"! He promises that his thoughts henceforth will "be bloody, or be nothing worth," yet in his account to Horatio of the King's villainies, the question

> is't not to be damned
> To let this canker of our nature come
> In further evil?

shows him still seeking reassurance that revenge is his sacred and unavoidable duty. When Horatio does not answer the question Hamlet pursues the matter no further, and shortly is back in the congenial meditative vein, rejecting his own intuition of evil with the fatalistic utterance, "there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow." He is in "readiness," but without the multiplied treachery of the King and Laertes, initiating violence which only violence can meet, it may be doubted that Hamlet would have acted at all. And when the

violence has subsided, Hamlet's dying words evoke no principle of eternal and absolute justice vindicated, make no reference to completed revenge or the pacified spirit of the wronged dead. He tells Horatio to report him and his "cause aright to the unsatisfied"; he thinks of his people and their need for a strong ruler, and prophesies that "the election lights on Fortinbras." With courageous insistence he directs his last ounce of energy to the claims and realities of continuing human life. For the rest, as he knows, is silence.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF REID'S THEORY OF KNOWLEDGE

J. H. Faurot

WHEN Thomas Reid prepared his *An Inquiry into the Human Mind* for publication in 1763, he wrote a lengthy Introduction and a lengthy Conclusion for it. Because his interpreters have failed to notice that these are the latest strata of a work which took several years to write, they have found their author unbelievably confused, and have partly mistaken his place in history. One should begin the *Inquiry* at chapter II and read the work consecutively, except that the Introduction should be read with the Conclusion. This will not only restore to the work the freshness of a genuine inquiry: it will also reveal certain distinct lines of development in Reid's thinking, and so provide incentive for reading the later *Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man* where these lines reach their conclusion.

It will be noticed at once that in chapter II, the very earliest part of the *Inquiry,* Reid launched his polemic against the "ideal hypothesis," by which he meant the theory that the mind does not immediately perceive things and their qualities, but only images or representations in the mind. In fact, there is evidence that this chapter was originally prepared as a separate paper, written specifically to refute that error. And this agrees with what Reid has told us elsewhere, that it was his practice to prepare papers for a certain philosophical group and also that his resolve to enter upon an independent investigation of the philosophy of mind came as a result of his discovery of the error of the "ideal hypothesis."[1] As an ardent partisan of the new learning of Bacon and Locke,[2] he had been dismayed to find empiricism leading, in the writings of Hume, into scepticism. Then he discovered the error of Hume's position: in spite of their precautions, Locke and his followers had carried over without noticing it an "hypothesis" from the ancient and medieval scheme, namely that of "ideas or images of things in the mind." This error had hitherto kept mental philosophy from reaching the firm, positive conclusions to which natural philosophy had attained under Newton and moral philosophy under Butler. In undertaking the re-examination of experience "with-

[1]Thomas Reid, *An Inquiry into the Human Mind,* Dedication, in *The Works of Thomas Reid,* ed. Sir Wm. Hamilton (Edinburgh, 1880), 96. See also Reid's letters to Dr. James Gregory, in *Works,* 62, 88.

[2]For Reid's partisanship of the new learning, see his *Philosophical Orations,* edited and with an introduction by W. R. Humphries, Aberdeen University Studies, no. 113 (1937).

out any hypothesis," Reid hoped to put mental philosophy on an equal footing with the other two.

It has not been sufficiently noted that when Reid undertook his polemic against the "ideal hypothesis" what he envisaged under this term is nothing more nor less than British empiricism from Locke to Hume.[3] The introductory chapter of the *Inquiry,* with its loose chatter about Descartes, has thrown everyone off balance. It seems safe to say that during the time of writing the *Inquiry,* Reid had only hearsay knowledge of Descartes, as is demonstrably the case with respect to his knowledge of Plato and Aristotle. On the other hand, he had a living experience of the writings of Locke, Berkeley, Hutcheson, Hume, and Henry Home.

In general, chapters III to V develop the line of investigation begun in chapter II. The argument swells to a climax in chapter V, sec. 7, where Reid challenges the advocates of the "ideal hypothesis" to "an *experimentum crucis* by which the ideal system must stand or fall." If they can show that extension, figure, or motion are ideas of sensation, he promises to quit the argument; but if they cannot, he claims that the ideal system has been refuted. It should be noted that never afterwards does Reid so much as mention this confident challenge. We may assume that he one day discovered that Descartes and others held the "ideal hypothesis" without holding that all experience is derived from sensation. But the reader who has been introduced to Descartes in the Introduction to the *Inquiry* and is thinking of the theory of ideas in its broader aspects is not unnaturally puzzled to understand how this *experimentum* constitutes a refutation of the system.

A passage in the *Inquiry* that scarcely fails to attract attention is the one in which Reid distinguishes between sensation and perception. That it is a useful and valid distinction is attested by its wide acceptance to the present day.[4] The question arises, however, why it is that, if the confusion of these things is responsible for so much error, Reid himself confused them throughout the preceding five and one-half chapters of his work. If we accept the view that the *Inquiry* contains a development within itself, the explanation is easy: Reid had not thought of the distinction before.

[3]Observe that in chapter II Reid uses the word "idea" in Hume's special sense, contrasting it with sensation. This usage is only gradually abandoned. See, e.g., *Works,* 109, 128, 140, where Reid speaks of "ideas and impressions," and "ideas and sensations." This is in itself evidence that Reid's polemic was narrowly conceived, in spite of such statements as "all systems concerning the human understanding which I was acquainted with, were built upon this hypothesis." *Inquiry,* Dedication, 96.

[4]In the article "Perception" in J. M. Baldwin, *Dictionary of Philosophy and Psychology* (New York, 1902), II, 277, Reid is credited with introducing the distinction.

This fairly obvious suggestion is reinforced by the fact that, in 1762, the distinction had been made by Henry Home, Lord Kames, in the Appendix of his *Elements of Criticism*.[5] Home had written:

> *Perception* and *sensation* are commonly reckoned synonymous terms, signifying the consciousness we have of objects; but, in accurate language, they are distinguished. The consciousness we have of external objects, is termed *perception*. Thus we are said to perceive a certain animal, a certain colour, sound, taste, smell, etc. The consciousness we have of pleasure or pain arising from the external objects, is termed *sensation*. Thus we have a sensation of cold, of heat, of the pain of a wound, of the pleasure of a landscape, of music, of beauty, of propriety, of behaviour, etc. The consciousness we have of internal action, such as deliberation, resolution, choice, is never termed either a perception or a sensation.

This distinction seems to have given Reid's own investigation a new impetus. His analysis of the phenomenon of seeing had bogged down in the course of a discussion of recent literature on the subject, and had come to an apparent conclusion in chapter VI, sec. 19. Home's distinction reawakened the original thinker in Reid and set him off on a further analysis of one of the main problems which he had to face, namely, how the mind moves from sensation to perception. It enabled him to formulate clearly the steps in the genesis of the mind's knowledge of the external world: the first three are, in order, physical, physiological, and neural activities; the fourth is sensation; the fifth is perception.[6]

But this leaves a troublesome problem unsolved. It is contrary to observation to say that perception must be preceded by sensation as a separate mental act. In his *Essays on the Intellectual Powers,* Reid makes the further distinction between consciousness and reflection.[7] The former is involuntary; it gives a fleeting and superficial view of all that passes through the mind. Reflection, on the other hand, is voluntary, an active exertion by means of which a particular operation of the mind is singled out for the object of its attention. Perception, now, is to be understood as an act of reflection, whereas its antecedent, sensation, belongs to the level of mere consciousness. The genesis of perception from sensation, while no nearer to being explained, is at least described in a manner that fits the facts.

All this has been said without so much as mentioning "common sense." But this characteristic notion, together with its name, was

[5] Henry Home, Lord Kames, *Elements of Criticism* (Edinburgh, 1762), III, 378-9. Reid knew Home as an author as early as 1759; see *Philosophical Orations,* 33. He makes explicit reference to the Appendix of the *Elements* in his *Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man,* in *Works,* 230a.

[6] *Inquiry,* chap. VI, sec. 21, "Of the Process of Nature in Perception."

[7] *Intellectual Powers,* Essay I, chap. V, 239b.

present from the beginning. In his initial polemic against Hume, Reid appealed to certain "original principles of belief" which are rooted in our constitution, and depend upon no kind of evidence because they "fall not within the province of reason, but of common sense."[8] Reid's use of the term "common sense" is hardly original. It can be traced to Shaftesbury, who may have taken it from Cicero. The source from which it most probably made its way into Reid's thinking is, again, Henry Home, who, in his earliest work, *Essays on Morality* (1751), appealed to common sense precisely in order to refute the idealism of Berkeley and the scepticism of Hume. Home was content to set common sense over against philosophy and to allow that the two are permanently irreconcilable. Reid, in his first statement, was similarly content. But he could not acquiesce for long in the subtle naturalism which set the instincts by which man lives at odds with the findings of reason. His ambition to put mental philosophy on a solid scientific footing required that he "reconcile reason to common sense."[9] Reid thinks that he is merely describing the constitution of the human mind when he finds that our beliefs in the existence of things, of selves, of causation, etc. are as original as the notions or impressions which we have of them. Some beliefs, such as that smell resides in the rose, are indeed acquired, the result of a natural tendency of the mind to associate things that we are in the habit of experiencing together. Even the belief that colour is in the thing and not in the mind is a complex act. But analysis reveals that other of our beliefs are original, notably the belief in the existence of the self, in the primary qualities of bodies, in past events, and in certain "occult qualities" in things, such as substance and causality.

The terminology by which Reid designates these beliefs undergoes a certain development. In the *Inquiry* they are called "instinctive"; in the *Essays* they are called "intuitive."[10] And this change is paralleled by a clarification of the relation in which common sense stands to reason. "It is absurd to conceive that there can be any opposition between reason and common sense. . . . We ascribe to reason two offices, or two degrees. The first is to judge of things self-evident; the second to draw conclusions that are not self-evident from those that are."[11] Reid seems to be making an effort to avoid giving an irrational status to these beliefs.

But the initial difficulty of trying to solve epistemological problems by psychological methods is not overcome. To recognize that natural

[8] *Inquiry*, chap. II, sec. 5, 108a.
[9] *Inquiry*, chap. V, sec. 7, 128. See also chap. I, secs. 3 and 8, 101, 104.
[10] The word "instinct" is retained in the *Essays* to denote certain "active powers" of man.
[11] *Intellectual Powers*, Essay VI, chap. II, 425.

judgments exist is not the same as to recognize that they are true. The beliefs of common sense remain, for Reid, contingent judgments, and are distinguished by him from necessary judgments. When he calls them intuitive and self-evident, he can mean no more than that they are evident to us simply as a matter of fact, not that they are evident *per se,* save in the negative sense that there is no prior principle from which they can be deduced.

Bound up from the beginning with beliefs of common sense is Reid's theory of objects. In his first assaults on the "ideal hypothesis," Reid seems to hold that the notion of an object is separable from belief about its existence only as the result of analysis, only in thought but not in fact. He objected vigorously to the attempts of Locke and Hume to explain sensation and memory in the same terms as imagination, insisting that they are different operations of the mind. Later, however, his attitude towards analysis changes;[12] and in his developed position, imagination (or conception, as he finally decides to call it)[13] is an ingredient in the other two.

There are two levels on which the work of imagination must be considered. Just as there are some beliefs which are acquired by experience, so there are some objects the notions of which are compounded out of others. In the case, for example, of colour vision, the imagination combines two very different things: the notion of the colour, which exists only as an act of the mind, and the notion of an "unknown cause" of this sensation which is believed to exist outside of the mind. The two are so compounded by the imagination that they are "mistaken for one simple object of thought."[14] Only by analysis do we discover that this object does not really exist. Likewise, in the case of memory, the imagination combines an image which exists only now and in the mind with the notion of a past event; and we believe what we imagine really to have existed, although it never did so exist precisely, nor even perhaps approximately—so that errors of memory are recognized occurrences.

On the other level, corresponding to our original beliefs, are certain original notions, such as that of the self, of substance, cause, space, time, and the primary qualities of bodies. No amount of analysis suffices to reduce any of these to more basic elements nor to explain their origin. Reid says they arise by "natural suggestion,"[15] adapting

[12]In the early chapter, "Of Smelling" (*Inquiry,* chap. II, sec. 4, 107), analysis is regarded as the false method of abstraction found in Locke and Hume. In the Introduction (*ibid.,* chap. I, sec. 2, 99) it is accepted as the correct method.

[13]*Intellectual Powers,* Essay I, chap. I, 223a.

[14]*Inquiry,* chap. VI, sec. 4, 138a.

[15]*Ibid.,* chap. II, sec. 7, 110f; chap. V, sec. 3, 122. Reid observes that this phenomenon "seems entirely to have escaped the notice of philosophers."

to this use the term which Berkeley had used to designate the mind's trick of calling up an idea which has been associated with a particular sensation: for example, a rumbling sound suggests a carriage on the cobble-stones because the two ideas have been experienced together. Similarly, says Reid, certain sensations at my finger-tips suggest a quality in the table which I call "hardness." But there is this difference, that I have not learned to associate hardness with the sensation that suggests it. It is conjured up by a "natural kind of magic."

When he pursues further the question about the origin of our ultimate notions and beliefs, Reid uses language reminiscent of occasionalism. He frankly attributes them to "the inspirations of the Almighty." There is no known reason why a particular sensation should be connected with a particular physical impression, nor why a particular sensation should call to mind a particular notion. So far as we know, we might have been so made as to have all our sensations and perceptions without any bodily organs at all. The same is true of our judgments about the existence of things past and future. That we do not have intuitive knowledge of the future is not owing to the inherent impossibility of such knowledge but merely to the fact that the Creator has not been pleased to provide it, and, incidentally, that it would be less convenient to the creature.[16] This is, in fact, his answer to any question about the real nature of causation. We speak of laws of nature and of gravity and force, "but their cause is unknown, because we know no cause but the will of the Supreme Being."[17]

We are now in a position to take up Reid's developed attitude towards "ideas." His view, so far as perception is concerned, is simply that the idea exists as an act of the mind, but not as an object. An act of the mind can, indeed, become the object of attention, as it does for introspection. But normally, an act of the mind is not an object, except in cases of acute sensations, such as pain. The object of sense perception and of memory is the thing or event in the external world. In rejecting the "ideal hypothesis," Reid denies that there is any intermediate object "which is supposed to be an image, or representation of the object."[18] Even though it be clearly stated, as by Arnauld,[19] that the idea is itself the mental act, Reid denies that this idea is the object of our perception. To avoid confusion, Reid in general refrains from using the term "idea" in explaining his own system.

When, however, he comes to speak of intellectual knowledge,[20] he

[16] *Ibid.*, chap. VII, 209b; *Intellectual Powers,* Essay II, chap. XX, 329b; Essay III, chap. II, 341a.
[17] *Intellectual Powers,* Essay II, chap. VI, 261b.
[18] *Ibid.*, chap. XII, 293b.
[19] *Ibid.*, chap. XIII, 297b.
[20] *Ibid.*, Essays IV, V, and VI. Probably these represent a later period when Reid's polemic against the idealist system had lost its energy.

allows that the term "idea" may have a use, namely to signify universal terms. Berkeley was correct when he concluded that there is no place for universal ideas in a system which takes the ideas to be entities. The same objection must be raised against the Platonic doctrine. But, according to Reid, if we leave out the attribute of existence, the old problem of nominalism versus realism is resolved. Universals are pure essences, immutably the same in all times and places. They are the objects of thought (and thus far have existence, viz., as acts of the mind) but as objects they do not exist. Precisely for this reason they can be attributes or predicates of things that do exist. And because they are only what they are conceived to be, they can be known perfectly, together with their relations, and so constitute the subject-matter of demonstrative reasoning. They are, in fact, the exemplars in terms of which things were conceived by the Divine Artificer before the creation of the world, and they answer in everything to the description of a Platonic idea, if the attribute of existence is left out.

That the real direction of Reid's thought is toward Platonism must seem improbable as long as it is assumed that the "ideal hypothesis" against which his philosophy was developed is Cartesianism. But if we recognize that the real object of his polemic is sensationalism, and that when, in the Introduction and Conclusion, he calls it Cartesianism he does so merely in view of the fact that both espouse the representative theory of perception, it is no longer strange but rather natural that his thought should reveal a tendency toward Platonism.

To eighteenth-century British philosophy with its scientific bent, Platonism was not entirely strange. Although the emphasis was always on the description of phenomena and the discovery of empirical laws, this did not mean that the laws so discovered were taken to be mere empirical generalizations or that anyone doubted that the descriptions were an accurate account of the real world. Mental philosophy had, indeed, gone off on a tangent of its own, towards subjectivism and nominalism; but these doctrines remained strange to science.

Reid may be taken as representing science. Although he often blunders (and nowhere more than in adopting the ambiguous term "common sense," and in using it to designate many different kinds of mental functions) his real direction is always toward vindicating the original character of those notions and beliefs which are essential to the constructions of science. He does this by showing that such notions and beliefs are not the product of merely animal propensities, habit, and association: and he does it without overstepping the restraints imposed on him by the empirical methods of his times.

The further question, where this original knowledge comes from, could not be answered without overstepping those restraints. Reid does not pursue it at any length, but contents himself with the explanation which lay nearest to hand: that the Divine Maker and Ruler of the world, who has ordered all things well, has given to the animals instincts suited to their ends, and to man knowledge suited to his. This cannot be proved, and possibly did not need proving to Reid's generation.[21] But what should interest us is that here he and Descartes were on identical ground: both rested the credibility of our knowledge of the external world upon an antecedent belief in the good faith of the Creator.

[21]Hume seems disposed to grant a certain force to the arguments from design in his *Dialogues concerning Natural Religion.*

THE PERTINACIOUS VICTORIAN POETS[1]

LIONEL STEVENSON

THE English literature of the Victorian period seems to be emerging at last from the cloud of contempt that has overshadowed it for the past generation. All types of literature endured their share of that disdain, but upon poetry it was heaped without mitigation. Although the writers of expository prose were stigmatized for inconsistency of thinking, for hypocritical morality, for ornate rhetoric, it had to be admitted that they struggled obstinately with many basic problems of the modern world and that their opinions largely determined our contemporary standards and even our political experiments. The novelists were accused of sentimentality, melodrama, prudishness, didacticism, and external characterization; but there was no denying the fact that somehow they had created a multitude of human beings who insisted on inhabiting the reader's memory like living acquaintances, in spite of their reprehensible lack of all Freudian symptoms. The poets, however, incurred the full brunt of all the same indictments, without the qualifying allowances that partially sheltered their prose brethren.

Now that a century has passed since the heyday of Victorianism, it is the prose writers who have a head start in the parade toward respectability. Readers are discovering with amazement that Carlyle and Ruskin, Mill and Arnold, said many of the things that the present age thinks it is discovering for the first time, and said them not only more powerfully than our pundits do, but also with recommendations that have tonic virtue for an exhausted world. And in the post-Kafka age of the novel, with symbolic universality or mythopœic implication freed from the fetters of photographic realism, Victorian fiction also is revealing unsuspected depths. The latest book on Dickens, for instance, announces that "Blake and Dickens are the two writers who hold the key to the nature of our cultural crisis today."[2]

A similar rehabilitation may be expected for the Victorian poets, but the portents of it are still few. One reason, probably, is that in their own era the Victorian poets were glorified by so many devout enthusiasts that the modern reader with critical intelligence hesitates to express himself in their favour. The long shelf of books on such sub-

[1]This paper was delivered before the Philological Association of the Pacific Coast on November 25, 1950, as the presidential address.

[2]Jack Lindsay, *Charles Dickens: A Biographical and Critical Study* (New York, 1950), 5.

jects as "The Message of *In Memoriam*" and "Browning as a Philosophic and Religious Teacher" gave the impression that moralizing was the sole purpose and justification of their work, and furthermore that it had been expounded so exhaustively by these adherents that no further analysis of any sort need be undertaken.

The current attitude is revealed in a recent volume entitled *The Reinterpretation of Victorian Literature,* produced under the auspices of the Modern Language Association of America. The dozen authorities who contributed to it are presumably the best informed and most loyal devotees of Victorianism among the scholars of this country. Nevertheless, the book is likely to perpetuate the layman's conviction that the Victorians were long-winded philosophizers. The various essays deal ably with a number of the significant ideas that pervade Victorian literature, but there is a minimum of attention to any of its artistic qualities, and such comments as can be found deal almost exclusively with the techniques of prose. When any of the poets are mentioned at all, it is as incidental evidence of some theory or attitude that is more significantly displayed by the prose writers.

This disregard for the Victorian poets as artists is particularly astonishing at a time when the most aggressive school of criticism is emphasizing the images, the patterns, and the verbal nuances of poetry. In their use of the whole antecedent range of poetic forms and themes, the Victorians were far more eclectic than any other poetic group has ever been. They borrowed from all ages, but they were not slavish imitators. Experimenting with a full consciousness of poetic artistry, they widened the scope of English poetry, both in subject-matter and in technique, to an unparalleled extent. And the fact that traditional themes and allusions richly embellish their poetry can scarcely be regarded as a defect at a time when the dominant school of modern poetry demands recognition of allusions as a primary condition of poetic enjoyment.

As soon as one begins to investigate the critical studies of Victorian poetry that have been published, their inadequacy is apparent. Some of the most valid current techniques of poetic analysis are those which deal with vocabulary, with the grouping and recurrence of archetypal images, and with the process of absorption by which poets combine elements from diversified sources. For minute observation of individual style, an invaluable aid is the study of a poet's revisions of his own work. It has long been recognized with what skill Tennyson rewrote and improved many of the poems which first appeared in 1832, and that a comparison of the earlier versions with those published ten years later can show his maturing mastery of melody and image. But beyond this obvious investigation no further study was made until the past

year or so, when some of the numerous unpublished manuscripts were examined. For instance, as some readers had already suspected, it is now proved that Tennyson planned a long reflective poem about his political and social beliefs—a companion piece to the religious disquisition in *In Memoriam*. Not only did he print three fragments of this uncompleted poem, the mysteriously untitled "Love thou thy Land," "You ask me why," and "Of old sat Freedom," but he also, over many years, incorporated segments of it into several of his major poems on public issues, such as the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington."

The original manuscript of "Tithonus" has also been uncovered. This poem, which is now considered one of the best of Tennyson's classical monologues, was withheld from publication for a quarter of a century, and was allowed to get into print only because the poet's friend Thackeray was importuning him for a contribution to his new magazine. A comparison of the original version with the published text adds much evidence of Tennyson's scrupulous sense of connotation and verbal melody.[3]

For few other Victorian poets has even this degree of textual study been undertaken. Several of the best-known poems by Dante Gabriel Rossetti were extensively reworked after their first publication; indeed, "The Blessed Damozel" went through two separate revisions. Although Paull F. Baum has made admirable analyses of this poem, "The House of Life," and others, on the basis of their successive drafts, much remains to be done in defining the mysterious fascination of Rossetti's work. Matthew Arnold was another persistent reviser of his poems even after they got into print; and the preliminary drafts of some of them have been published by Chauncey B. Tinker and Howard F. Lowry in their excellent book, *The Poetry of Matthew Arnold*. But the two Victorians with the most utterly individual styles, Browning and Swinburne, have been subjected to practically no analysis. In public or private collections there must be a good deal of manuscript material, such as the first draft of Swinburne's "Hertha" that Miss Fannie E. Ratchford published in 1924.[4] A study of their methods of revision could provide clues to the way in which each developed his personal poetic idiom.

We may now turn from purely stylistic questions to another of the major interests of modern criticism, the sources and associative re-

[3]Mary Joan Donahue, "Tennyson's *Hail, Briton!* and *Tithon* in the Heath Manuscript," *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, LXIV, 1949, 385-416.

[4]Fannie E. Ratchford, "The First Draft of Swinburne's *Hertha*," *Modern Language Notes*, XXXIX, 1924, 22-6.

lationships of images and symbols. A noteworthy article, entitled "Tennyson as a Modern Poet," has recently been published by Professor Arthur J. Carr, of the University of Michigan, who has served as an editor of the *avant-garde* magazine *Accent*. He states the thesis of his article thus:

> . . . he is our true precursor. He shows and hides, as if in embryo, a master theme of Joyce's *Ulysses*—the accentuated and moody self-consciousness and the sense of loss that mark Stephen Dedalus. He forecasts Yeats's interest in the private myth. He apprehended in advance of Aldous Huxley the uses of mysticism to castigate materialistic culture. And in *Maud*, at least, he prepared the way for the verse of Eliot's "Preludes" and "Prufrock." At some crucial points Tennyson is a modern poet, and there are compelling reasons why we should try to comprehend him.[5]

In the course of his essay, Professor Carr touches briefly on a number of Tennyson's principal poems. The only intensive research into the poet's symbolism has been that which Professor William D. Paden published in his volume, *Tennyson in Egypt*. Dealing solely with the poems of his adolescence, which were almost all discarded from later editions of his work, this study reveals much about the background of reading which fired the youthful poet's imagination, and therefore it could serve as a foundation for a similar inquiry into the unconscious resources from which Tennyson drew his later and greater poems. His own description of "a kind of waking trance I have frequently had quite up from my boyhood when I have been all alone" suggests that the subconscious (or supra-conscious) played as strong a part in his creative processes as in those of Coleridge and others who have been exhaustively analysed. In a paper published recently, I tried to interpret one of Tennyson's recurring symbols, the imprisoned maiden.[6] Another recent paper, by Professor E. D. H. Johnson, has dealt with the flower imagery in *Maud*.[7] But much of greater importance remains to be sought.

The most maligned of Tennyson's long poems is *The Princess*. Its mingling of satire and seriousness, its presentation of modern social comedy in the guise of medieval romance, its "chimeras, crotchets, Christmas solecisms" (as the poet himself termed them), which struck earlier critics as merely an incongruous *mélange des genres*, ought to appeal to a more sophisticated age that approves several simultaneou

[5]Arthur J. Carr, "Tennyson as a Modern Poet," *University of Toronto Quarterly*, XIX, 1950, 361.

[6]Lionel Stevenson, "The 'High-born Maiden' Symbol in Tennyson," *P.M.L.A.*, LXIII, 1948, 234-43.

[7]E. D. H. Johnson, "The Lily and the Rose: Symbolic Meaning in Tennyson's *Maud*," *ibid.*, LXIV, 1949, 1222-7.

levels of signification. The ideological topic, of course, was strictly contemporary, and Tennyson undoubtedly drew many details from his own environment. It has been suggested that the character of Princess Ida was modelled upon his friend Lady Duff-Gordon, the strong-minded yet charming controversialist who was an inspiration also to Thackeray and George Meredith. A fantasy of this type, however, is bound to have much of the *pastiche,* with overtones of allusion enhancing its effect of elegant make-believe.

Several passages distinctly echo well-known lines of *Twelfth Night,* which was another comedy of a lady who wilfully turned her back on normal sexual impulses, and whose emotional defences were undermined through the presence of a transvestite intruder. The young prince, in the disguise of a girl student, ventures to plead with Princess Ida to reconsider her rejection of her suitor:

> "Again?" she cried, "are you ambassadresses
> From him to me? We give you, being strange,
> A licence; speak, and let the topic die."
> I stammer'd that I knew him—could have wish'd—
> "Our king expects—was there no precontract?
> There is no truer-hearted—ah, you seem
> All he prefigured, and he could not see
> The bird of passage flying south but long'd
> To follow: surely, if your Highness keep
> Your purport, you will shock him ev'n to death. . . ."

When the Princess expresses only an aloof pity for her adorer, an appeal is aimed toward a more vulnerable point:

> "Ere half be done, perchance your life may fail . . .
> might I dread that you,
> With only Fame for spouse and your great deeds
> For issue, yet may live in vain, and miss,
> Meanwhile, what every woman counts her due,
> Love, children, happiness?"

The whole conversation parallels the one which occurs in *Twelfth Night* when Olivia, having decided that "we'll once more hear Orsino's embassy," gives audience to the page-boy who is Viola in disguise:

> *Viola:* 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
> Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
> Lady, you are the cruellest she alive,
> If you will lead these graces to the grave
> And leave the world no copy.
> *Olivia:* . . . Were you sent hither to praise me?
> *Viola:* I see you what you are, you are too proud;
> But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
> My lord and master loves you; O, such love

Could but be recompensed, though you were crowned
The nonpareil of beauty!
Olivia: How does he love me?
Viola: With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire. . . .
If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense. . . .

Still closer is the verbal parallel elsewhere, when Lady Psyche finds that her baby has been adopted by the Princess after the mother's expulsion:

"But I will go and sit beside the doors,
And make a wild petition night and day,
Until they hate to hear me like a wind
Wailing forever, till they open to me
And lay my little blossom at my feet. . . ."

This, of course, is bound to recall Viola's lines:

Make me a willow cabin at your gate
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out Olivia!

While the central situation and some of the actual phrases of *The Princess* thus link it with a Shakespearean comedy, the general setting is more definitely associated with several romances of chivalry. Although Tennyson was already meditating an epic on the legends of King Arthur at the time when he wrote *The Princess,* no critic seems to have discussed the Arthurian element in this poem. Much of the story can be paralleled in a group of romances centring upon Morgan le Fay, King Arthur's sister. Under the name of Morcades, she was described as ruling over the Chastel des Puceles with five hundred ladies and damsels. In the Middle English romance of Sir Percival, the name of her domain is translated as "Maydenlande." In several of the romances, she was besieged by a pagan king because she had rejected him as a suitor. In another story she gave birth to an illegitimate child and had him smuggled out of the castle. More familiar versions of the story depict her and her ladies as inhabiting the Isle of Avilion and healing wounded warriors with the aid of magic arts. All these elements appear in Tennyson's poem: Princess Ida rules over a manless paradise with six hundred maiden inmates; she is besieged by a neighbouring king because she has refused to be betrothed to his son; a complicating factor within the college is the presence of a young

child; and at the end of the story the princess and her ladies emerge to nurse the hero and his comrades back to health. Thus Tennyson selects and adapts mythological material to provide symbols for his theory about the conflict of the sexes.

When we turn our attention to Browning, the highly idiosyncratic quality of his symbols is indicated by the fact that C. Willard Smith has devoted a whole book to the restricted topic of *Browning's Star Imagery*. Even more baffling is the question of the imaginative stimuli responsible for the poet's choice of topics and details for his dramatic monologues. The need for investigation of the problem has been obscured by the fact that many of his best-known poems are overtly based upon historical personalities or scenes. But this really increases the complexity of the process, because the dense texture of the poems results from an intermingling of suggestions from other sources. Browning was not so scientifically minded as to select a topic merely for the purpose of reconstructing some historical phenomenon, no matter how vividly. There was as much immediate personal incentive as in a Keats ode or a Wordsworth sonnet.

Obviously enough, of course, "Fra Lippo Lippi" was largely a defence of Browning's poetic methods against critical sneers; and similarly "Pacchiarotto and How He Worked in Distemper" contained oblique allusions to individuals of the poet's own time. Just as definitely, though perhaps less consciously, "The Statue and the Bust" was not written to condemn a Florentine duke for failing to elope with Count Ricciardi's incarcerated wife, but to justify Robert Browning for having eloped with Mr. Barrett's incarcerated daughter. I suspect, therefore, that any other poem of Browning, if it carries conviction as an emotional utterance, may have been inspired by some occurrence within his own experience. For example, I suggest that "A Grammarian's Funeral" is not only a tribute to the scholarly devotion of the first Renaissance philologians, but just as much a memorial to Hugh Stuart Boyd, the classical scholar who was Elizabeth Barrett's chief instructor in Greek and for whom she expressed her enthusiasm in "Wine of Cyprus." Boyd became blind at the age of forty-seven, but continued energetically with his researches; one of his later treatises was "An Essay on the Greek Article." When he died in 1848, at the age of sixty-seven, Mrs. Browning wrote three sonnets in his memory; and "A Grammarian's Funeral" appeared in Browning's next volume of miscellaneous poems. In a letter many years later he referred sympathetically to "the poor, old blind, forsaken man's death."[8]

[8] *Letters of Robert Browning*, ed. Thurman L. Hood (Yale University Press, 1933), 76.

As to less personal derivation of his themes, a revealing insight is provided by Donald Smalley's recent publication of *Browning's Essay on Chatterton*. This book is less important as an addition to the brief canon of Browning's published prose than it is for the introduction, in which Professor Smalley shows how Browning's elaborate theory about Chatterton's self-deception came to be transmuted into the portrayal of a Moslem fanatic in *The Return of the Druses,* the play that he was writing at almost the same time. It will not be unreasonable, therefore, to propose unacknowledged origins for some of Browning's other works.

One of his poems, to be sure, has been subjected to an extensive analysis of its associative complex; but this is because it so conspicuously differs from the normal Browning type. "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came" is a vivid piece of fantastic description, without the usual focus upon characterization; and Browning admitted that the poem "came upon me as a kind of dream. I had to write it, then and there." In 1925 Harold Golder published an article that subjected this poem to the same sort of scrutiny that Lowes was applying to *The Ancient Mariner* and *Kubla Khan*.[9] The principal sources of imagery as adduced by Golder were the fairy tale of Jack the Giant Killer, *Palmerin of England,* certain adventures of St. George in *The Seven Champions of Christendom,* and, for specific details, *The Faerie Queene, Don Belianis of Greece, Orlando Furioso,* and other works. Soon afterwards William C. DeVane added another important and totally different source—a grotesque landscape described in Gérard de Lairesse's neo-classical treatise on *The Art of Painting*.[10] Yet these and other commentators seem to be going out of their way to ignore a familiar Arthurian episode that Browning must certainly have known, and which has several identical details and also has the same feeling of horror and suspense as the Browning poem.

In Malory's "Tale of Sir Gareth of Orkney" the newly dubbed young knight has to traverse "a black launde" and "a pass that is called the Pass Perilous," and must face many terrors, including the knowledge that numerous other and more renowned champions have failed in the same quest. At last he reaches the castle of the Red Knight of the Red Laundes: "and also there was fast by a sycamore tree, and there hung an horn, the greatest that ever they saw, of an elephant's bone; and this Knight of the Red Laundes had hanged it up there,

[9]Harold Golder, "Browning's *Childe Roland*," *P.M.L.A.*, XXXIX, 1924, 963-87. Although *The Road to Xanadu* was not yet published, Golder indicated in a footnote that he was acquainted with it.

[10]William C. DeVane, "The Landscape of Browning's *Childe Roland*," *ibid.*, XL, 1925, 426-32.

and if there came any errant-knight, he must blow that horn, and then will he make him ready and come to him to do battle. . . . And herewith he [Gareth] spurred his horse straight to the sycamore tree, and blew so the horn eagerly that all the siege and the castle rang thereof." Malory makes the whole experience thoroughly materialistic, with the hero defeating a series of actual enemies throughout the journey, and with the failure of his predecessors visibly displayed: "There hung full goodly armed knights by the neck, and their shields about their necks with their swords, and gilt spurs upon their heels, and so there hung nigh a forty knights shamefully with full rich arms." Furthermore, Gareth has a companion, the scornful Lady Linet, and it is her constant taunting that magnifies his perils. Characteristically, Browning shifts the whole conflict into the subjective realm, by making Childe Roland ride alone, with only fragmentary memories and vague dreads to be outfaced.

If one fairly short poem of Browning's can yield such a wide range of suggestions, his other work may safely be assumed to contain discoverable traces of the process which the poet himself described in his analogy of "the ring and the book." Yet a glance at the notes in any standard college text will show that editors have been content to dilate upon the known historical facts for the poems that possess avowed prototypes, and to pass the others with a mere comment that they are fictitious. Of "My Last Duchess," one text-book remarks, "the speaker is an imaginary Duke of Ferrara."[11] Of "The Bishop Orders His Tomb at St. Praxed's Church," another editor says, "the Bishop is an imaginary personage."[12] True as far as they go, these statements ought to arouse immediate curiosity as to how the personages became so vivid in the imagination of a writer with Browning's passion for historical accuracy.

Many readers have felt some sort of kinship between these two poems, as though they were companion pictures of Italian Renaissance egoism; and one scholar has proposed a common origin for both of them. John D. Rea, in an article published in 1932,[13] traced the two poems to Vespasio Gonzaga, Duke of Sabbioneta, whose biography was written by Irenio Affó in the eighteenth century. Like Browning's Duke, this one was a patron of artists, and he had three wives, the first of whom he suspected of infidelity. She abruptly disappeared, and a surviving letter of the Duke's explained that "she died suddenly of apoplexy . . . without being able to speak a word." Like Browning's

[11] J. Stephens, E. H. Beck, R. H. Snow, eds., *Victorian and Later English Poets* (New York, 1937), 1198.
[12] E. K. Brown, ed., *Victorian Poetry* (New York, 1942), 791.
[13] John D. Rea, "My Last Duchess," *Studies in Philology*, XXIX, 1932, 120-2.

Bishop, this Duke of Sabbioneta, while lying in his last illness, dictated a will in which he instructed his daughter to lay out 1,500 scudi for a magnificent tomb, using the stone that he had brought from Rome for the purpose, and to spend a further 2,500 scudi in embellishing the church in which he was to be buried.

Mr. Rea's suggestion is plausible, and provides objective evidence for the feeling that the two poems were somehow linked in their conception. Many questions, however, remain. Why did Browning head "My Last Duchess" with the sub-title "Ferrara"? Why did he tell an inquirer that "the commands were that she should be put to death, *or he might have had her shut up in a convent*" (my italics)? Why was the death-bed egotism of the Duke of Sabbioneta transferred to a wealthy, greedy, sensual churchman? In my opinion these questions all point to Ercole II, Duke of Ferrara from 1534 to 1559, and to his brother Cardinal Ippolito d'Este the Younger. Duke Ercole, one of the most lavish in the line of dukes who accumulated the magnificent art collection at Ferrara, married eighteen-year-old Princess Renée of France for purely dynastic reasons, and then became infuriated because she insisted upon giving sanctuary to French Protestant refugees. He took her children from her, put her in prison, and finally forced her to recant her Calvinist sympathies. As for his brother, the Cardinal was notorious for his stinginess (he gave Ariosto no reward in return for his dedication of *Orlando Furioso*); he was defeated as a candidate for the Papacy because of his scandalously worldly conduct; and he is best remembered for the building of the gorgeous Villa d'Este at Tivoli. We begin to get a glimpse of Browning's creative methods when we see him thus selecting details from several separate models and combining them under the disguise of fictitious characters so that he can intensify one particular impression and thus epitomize a historical era in a single episode.

Apart from these historical antecedents, "My Last Duchess" reveals also an interesting literary reminiscence. The Victorian poets were addicted to providing what they considered to be psychologically valid versions of stories previously enshrined in conventional sentiment. Sometimes the revision was explicitly identified with the original, as in Tennyson's "Ulysses" and Browning's "The Glove"; more often the connection was tacit, and perhaps unconscious. In this sense, "My Last Duchess" seems to be a rectification of Shakespeare's romantic portrayal of Leontes in *The Winter's Tale*.

Like Browning's Duke, Leontes was egotistically suspicious of his innocent wife's virtue. He raged to see her and Polixenes "making practis'd smiles, as in a looking-glass," even though Polixenes was the

visitor whom he had pressed to remain; similarly the Duke was infuriated when his wife smiled and blushed at the compliments of the friar whom he had brought in to paint her portrait. Leontes did not mention his jealousy, but planned the murder of his friend and (when this failed) imprisoned his wife, brought her to trial, and threatened her with death; the Duke did not "stoop" to chide his wife for her indiscretion, but "gave commands" which presumably caused her death.

The resemblance between the play and the poem would not be noticeable were there not the famous "statue scene" in the last act. Sixteen years a widower, Leontes is being urged by his courtiers to remarry. Paulina interposes to say, "give me the office to choose you a queen—she shall not be so young as was your former." She later takes Leontes to her house to see a statue of his late wife, "a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; . . . he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer." Leontes says:

> Your gallery
> Have we pass'd through, not without much content
> In many singularities, but we saw not
> That which my daughter came to look upon,
> The statue of her mother.

Paulina explains that because of the rare verisimilitude of the portrait she keeps it "lonely, apart," and she then draws a curtain and displays the so-called statue. "Behold! and say 'tis well," she says triumphantly.

> I like your silence; it the more shows off
> Your wonder.

All this exactly parallels the situation in Browning's poem except that the roles of the widower and the marriage envoy are reversed; in the poem it is the Duke who leads the visitor through the rarities of his collection and then uncovers "my last Duchess . . . Looking as though she were alive. I call That piece a wonder now," while the marriage envoy gazes in silent amazement.

"My Last Duchess," then, condensed a central situation of *The Winter's Tale* into fifty-six lines; but it also ironically controverted the theme. Shakespeare had transformed Leontes in a single moment from a monster of unreasonable jealousy and sadistic pride into an inconsolable penitent; Browning showed the Duke of Ferrara complacently boasting of his arrogance and preparing to re-enact the circumstances with a new victim.

One other well-known monologue of Browning's may also be cited, as it gives an even better example of the way that commentators seem wilfully blind to any hint that the poet himself offered. "The Laboratory" carries the sub-title "Ancien Régime," which of course specifically connotes the Versailles court during the century or so immediately preceding the French Revolution. Nevertheless, the text-book editors struggle diligently to ignore the clue. One says, "It is impossible to say whether the period is the sixteenth, the seventeenth, or the eighteenth century."[14] Another tells us: "The sub-title indicates that the poem was set in France, possibly in the later sixteenth century, under the regency of Catherine de' Medici."[15] A third goes still further back in history: "The subtitle leads us to believe that the time is that of the Middle Ages, when poison was the common method employed of doing away with those who were in the way."[16] And a fourth even implies that Browning did not know what his own phrase meant: "The poem gives an incident characteristic of Italy in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but Browning apparently intends *Ancien Régime* to mean France before the Revolution."[17] Even our leading contemporary authority on Browning, William C. DeVane, says flatly in his *Browning Handbook:* "No source has been found for *The Laboratory,* and I should not expect to find one."[18]

And yet all the while the identification reposed in a single word used by one of the first explicators of Browning's poems, who assumed that his readers knew enough of French history to grasp the significance of his reference. Arthur Symons, in his *Introduction to the Study of Browning,* termed the young woman who visited the laboratory "a Brinvilliers."[19] One has only to read the career of that coquettish and murderous marquise, in the heyday of the court of Louis XIV, to find that practically every detail of Browning's poem has its parallel in her exploits. It is easy to see, however, how the special techniques of the dramatic monologue obliged the poet to evolve a fictitious personage instead of portraying the real one. Mme de Brinvilliers was motivated mainly by greed; she planned and carried out the poisonings in conjunction with her lover; and she conducted her campaign of death for six years before being discovered. By changing the motive to jealousy and conceit, by making the murderess concoct the scheme alone, and by merely forecasting a series of further crimes when she realizes

[14]Brown, *Victorian Poetry,* 791.
[15]Stephens, Beck, and Snow, *Victorian and Later English Poets,* 1195-6.
[16]W. H. Rogers, ed., *The Best of Browning* (New York, 1942), 510.
[17]J. W. Bowyer and J. L. Brooks, eds., *The Victorian Age: Prose, Poetry, and Drama* (New York, 1938), 1072.
[18]William C. DeVane, *A Browning Handbook* (New York, 1935), 154.
[19]Arthur Symons, *An Introduction to the Study of Browning* (London, 1886), 75.

"what a wild crowd of invisible pleasures" reside in the chemist's phials, Browning greatly increased both the emotional intensity and the artistic unity of the story.

This same poem may be used also to illustrate an earlier topic of the present discussion, the poet's devices of form and phrase. The opinion of many critics is summarized by DeVane when he says that the poem "exhibits Browning's delight in catching the atmosphere of a time and place in small compass."[20] But no one has done much to show that the "atmosphere of time and place" is reproduced by the technique as skilfully as by the contents. The fluent couplets provide a remarkably good equivalent for the alexandrines of French classical drama, and a specific resemblance to one of the most famous depictions of pitiless revenge can be seen when a stanza of "The Laboratory" is compared with a passage in Racine's *Andromaque*:

> Not that I bid you spare her the pain!
> Let death be felt and the proof remain;
> Brand, burn up, bite into its grace—
> He is sure to remember her dying face.

Here is Racine's Hermione gloating:

> Quel plaisir de venger moi-même mon injure,
> De retirer mon bras teint du sang du parjure,
> Et, pour rendre sa peine et mes plaisirs plus grands,
> De cacher ma rivale à ses regards mourants! (IV, iv)

As well as recalling French classical tragedy, "The Laboratory" also recalls a well-known poem by a later French classicist, who succumbed to romanticism—"La Toilette de Constance," by Casimir Delavigne. Except for its final stanza, Delavigne's poem is a dramatic monologue, and in it a petted and coquettish girl reveals her invincible selfishness while she makes ready to attend a brilliant party where she will meet a former lover. Her manner toward her maid is exactly similar to the lady's attitude toward the chemist in Browning's poem, and the refrain lines,

> Je vais au bal ce soir
> Chez l'ambassadeur de France,

are paralleled by Browning's reiteration of "go where men wait and dance at the King's."

By citing a few examples of the connotations and complex overtones discoverable in poems by Tennyson and Browning, I hope to have demonstrated what I can only term the pertinacity of the Victorian

[20] William C. DeVane, ed., *The Shorter Poems of Robert Browning* (New York, 1942), 341.

poets. They refuse to be dismissed as pretentious moralizers or sentimental embroiderers. The modern admirers of Tennyson have dwelt upon his genuine presentation of psychopathic melancholy and frustration. Browning might be given similar credit for his repeated portrayals of vicious criminals. With a stubborn determination to keep poetry alive in an era when it was threatened not only by the rivalry of well-written prose but also by the current dominance of scientific and materialistic values, the Victorians studied all elements of their art and assiduously sought to improve what they had written. Their creative imagination embodied itself in significant symbols which were shaped through a mingling of personal emotion with traditional themes. For half a century the critics have insisted on considering them only as sociologists or metaphysicians and then condemning them for alleged inadequacy in that role. Let us begin to do them justice by regarding them as artists.

HAS SPAIN A FUTURE?

NEALE H. TAYLER

IN recent months Spain has come back to the front pages of the newspapers as a result of American military interest in her. Much has been said about the political and moral consequences of any financial or military aid that might be extended, and certainly no less has been said of the magnitude of the task of rehabilitation and the new construction that would be necessary, should such aid be decided upon.

There is no need here to dwell on the evils and virtues of accepting the unhappy Spain of Franco into the United Nations or, more specifically, into any quasi-membership in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization through American sponsorship. For Hispanists, and those who wonder about the future of a once powerful people, the question is—"Has Spain a future?"

Let us suppose that the United States decides, with or without the backing of her allies, to make money and supplies available to the Spanish government in return for specific commitments and concessions. Let us suppose further that the necessary trained personnel begin a carefully planned financial and physical reconstruction of Spain, eventually providing her with a new economic life and a powerful military force based on adequate resources. The question then arises whether Spain will be a revitalized country sufficiently settled and united to maintain a high place among the nations of the world. Will all the troubles and problems of the past and present disappear? The answer is, regrettably, "No." American aid would only alleviate the symptoms without affecting the cause of the disease. No amount of material aid alone will bring about a lasting resurgence in Spanish life.

To understand why, we must know something of the Spaniard and his country, since this is the key to the problem. The Spaniard is a proud man whose existence is firmly based on the consciousness of his own individuality—his sense of personal worth. Allow him to feel that his neighbour is affecting superiority, and he becomes a cold and intractable enigma. Place him beside the extrovert American, and it is readily seen how very difficult the relationship will be. Nor can his almost anarchic individualism be overcome. Over the centuries it has grown as a result of his environment and has been constantly ingrained in generation after generation. So well recognized is the divisive effect of geography on the Spanish people, that even today the Spaniard thinks of his country under its ancient title of *Las Españas,* the King-

doms of Spain. A brief glance at a relief map showing the mountains and rivers of the country explains the development of this very natural cognomen. It also helps to explain both the regionalism and individualism of the people. This bare statement of fact by no means makes clear the intensity of these traits. It is perhaps through literature that the startling differences in characteristics, needs, and aspirations of the various regions can best be understood. Any list of the so-called "regionalist authors" and their works would be a lengthy one, but names like Pereda, Pardo Bazán, and Blasco Ibáñez, will have a world of meaning for those who have read even one of their novels.[1] In this regionalism and individualism, so apparent in Spanish literature, lies a root cause of national disunity and weakness.

With this diversified approach to the affairs of daily life in Spain, exemplified by the literature, it is not surprising that the country has had only one period in her history that could be regarded as displaying a national attitude or spirit. What is more noteworthy is that it was precisely during this nationalistic period, from Ferdinand and Isabella to Philip II (1479–1598) that her decline began. Furthermore, this nationalism was actually due to the religious challenge to the individual by Islamic civilization in Spain, and was prolonged by the discovery and exploration of the New World, which also appealed to the individualism of the Spaniard.

In the nineteenth century, through constitutionalism, a second strong and sincere attempt was made to find a source of unity for the country and to legislate for it as a whole, but the efforts of the Liberal party were shattered on the rocks of native individualism. Even if we grant that the principles enunciated by the various constitutions remained mainly theoretical,[2] the fact was that the people of the north had no concern for the people of the south, and that the problems of the west were unknown in the east. Moreover, in any given part of the country, difficulties continued to be strictly localized. Therefore, as the people have been and still are divided by ethnical, cultural, and economic backgrounds and interests, the answer to Spain's problems does not appear to lie in any attempt to develop further the traditional unitarian form of government, whether by the forceful measures of a strong man, or by the pumping in of foreign economic aid. The Spaniards are a race of individuals, and the day when a nation of individuals can dominate is past. Collectivism and co-operation are the antecedents of progress and salvation today.

[1]E.g., Pereda, *Peñas arriba*; Pardo Bazán, *Los pazos de Ulloa;* Blasco Ibáñez, *La barraca.*

[2]Constitutions ranging from conservative to radical were actually promulgated or simply prepared in 1812, 1837, 1845, 1869, 1873, etc.

If foreign aid alone, or in conjunction with a programme of greater political unification, cannot act as a corrective to the ruinous state of the national patrimony, how can Spain find a way to regeneration?

The answer, it seems to me, is in federalism as a governmental system, rather than in political unitarianism. For federalism, Spain has already supplied a farsighted proponent in the person of Francisco Pi y Margall (1824–1901). This eminent politician, orator, and author, like so many Spaniards well known within Spain and unknown outside of it, is considered to be the father of the First Spanish Republic (1873–4). Born in the city of Barcelona, Pi y Margall came from one of the most separatist-minded areas of Spain, Catalonia. This province of the northeast and its people are not even Spaniards linguistically nor, probably, ethnically, and from their earliest times have shown many traits that are not usually accepted as typically Spanish.[3] Thus it is not hard to understand why this man held the ideas that he did on the subject of peninsular unity. The most important work of his youth was *Revolution and Reaction* (1855) which shows the influence of the French philosophical anarchist Pierre Joseph Proudhon. Proudhon called for the destruction of the state because it depended upon and protected private property, and at the same time maintained that the proper basis of society is a voluntary association between individuals. Although Pi y Margall did not fully subscribe to these anarchistic theories on property, since, as a philosopher, he followed the rationalism of Hegel and considered the social relationship as grounded in reason, he did find, in the conception of individuality propounded by Proudhon, a view similar to his own on Spanish social organization. His understanding and application of the system are put forth in his *Nationalities* (1876–83) wherein he treats the regions or "nationalities" of Spain as individuals who can only live together on the peninsula on the basis of a voluntary contact with each other. This is the starting point of his political principles and it is from this first enunciation of them that we can follow their development to the point where he becomes, as a Republican deputy from Barcelona, the most forceful and outspoken supporter of federalistic republican government.

Later, as President of the Republic, his plans called for a type of loose union of semi-autonomous provincial governments with the federal government of the Republic. Nor was this federalistic system limited solely to the home provinces of Spain. Perhaps the best example of his policies is to be found in his attempt to make Cuba, Spain's only remaining colony in the New World, a federal state within the

[3]See Balari y Jovany, *Orígenes históricos de Cataluña* (Barcelona, n.d.).

Spanish Republic. In this way he saw Spain as an American nation and therefore acceptable to the exponents of the Monroe Doctrine. So eloquent and successful was he in this diplomatic move that the President of the United States, Ulysses S. Grant, agreed to advance a loan of five billion *reales* towards the carrying out of the federalist programme.

The fact that the Republic collapsed in 1874 as a result of reactionary insurrection on the part of the Carlists, whose armies held much of northern Spain, and through jealous strife within the unstable government coalition parties, does not nullify Pi y Margall's principles and few achievements.[4]

The difficulty was that Spain had become used to unitarian government after five centuries of it, and the people as a whole were neither educated, nor disposed, to accept such a radically new idea as federalism. Furthermore, Pi y Margall advocated federalism at the worst possible time. With the country plunged into civil war, suffering bitter political divisions, and with the government in open conflict with the Roman Catholic Church as a result of the Republic's drastic separation of Church and State, the system was given little chance to prove its value. In addition, its implantation was attempted from above, instead of being allowed to develop gradually from public demand.

However, transcending the Republic's failure were the ideals and actions of Pi y Margall, based on his realistic analysis of the fundamental structure of Spain. As a result of his exhaustive studies of local differences and aspirations in his *Nationalities,* Pi y Margall was virtually the only Spanish politician of the nineteenth century to investigate thoroughly and understand Spanish administrative problems. He struggled with and grasped the basic axiom that Spain is not one country, but many, contained within the national borders of one. Because of this insight he was the one man who understood the logic of federalism in Spain. He studied its workings in Switzerland where it brought three races into a form of voluntary unity by which all could live together. He also realized that the problems of geographical barriers, slow communications, and especially, local interests, had been largely overcome in the federal union of the United States. Thus he believed he saw a workable solution for the two basic problems of government in Spain—diversity of people and difficulty of communications.

[4]In his *The Revolution of 1873* (1873), Pi y Margall quite rightly lays much of the blame for the Republic's quick demise at the feet of the venal politicians of the day. Certainly the record of the politicians of the period, with the outstanding exception of Pi y Margall, makes the most dismal reading.

Turning now to the present day, we find the centralized government of Franco, which was born of revolution and civil war, strikingly similar in policy and outlook to the Bourbon monarchy whose expulsion made way for the First Republic. In both cases the prime interest has been governmental self-preservation in the face of much popular discontent. As a result, the real problems of the full development of Spain tend to be neglected. Neither government could or would initiate any policy that might weaken its power over the people. As long as the people of Spain continue to be forced into a kind of recalcitrant agreement, as they are today, by a government whose thinking is unitarian and authoritarian, Spain will continue to flounder without hope of finding a common unity of spirit or prospects of taking her rightful place in the community of nations. As these results can only come through a general recovery in living standards, through cultural activities, and economic and moral regeneration, there can be little hope under a system which seems to be in conflict with the national character. The government of General Franco is no better and probably no worse than many other Spanish governments, but, like its predecessors, it is governing in the unitarian tradition. Its actions are predicated on policies designed for a united country rather than for the needs of the individual provinces; this gives rise to a continuing maldistribution of attention and resources among the provinces themselves.

As we have seen, under this governmental system Spain has only found unity on two occasions when an exaltation of religious fervour sufficiently enraptured the people to submerge their individuality into a great national movement. Lacking as Spain is in such a drive today, a government which is not based on the real needs of the people cannot give the best to the country or guarantee its future. What Spain requires is a government that will be in harmony with the character of both the country and the people, one which will encourage each area and each individual to work for the future, so that through a multiplicity of such individual futures, there will come a national future for Spain. The form of government best suited to do this is federalism, and to assist her to achieve federalism Spain already has within her history a star by which to guide herself—the political and social theory of Francisco Pi y Margall. Once started along this course, and then assisted by American financial aid, Spain will become a truly strong country and will be able to look hopefully to the future.

Letters in Canada: 1951

Edited by J. R. MacGillivray

THIS seventeenth annual survey of "Letters in Canada" follows the general plan of recent years, including the now almost unavoidable separation of English-Canadian letters in the April issue, from French-Canadian and other literature, in July. I would again express my thanks to all contributors to the survey, to the publishers of Canadian works for their continuing co-operation in this annual enterprise, and to Miss Francess Halpenny, Assistant Editor of the University of Toronto Press, for preparing the check-lists of all books of English-Canadian and French-Canadian authorship. Miss Halpenny reports that the excellent current check-lists now appearing in *Canadiana,* issued from the new Canadian Bibliographic Centre at Ottawa which is preparing the ground for the projected National Library, will perhaps make it possible for us to omit our own check-lists.

The most important volume published in 1951, and eventually, one hopes, the most influential, cannot properly be assigned to either Part I of this survey, English-Canadian letters, or Part II, writings in French and other languages, for it was published simultaneously in both English and French, and it does not belong in any division of either part because it touches on every aspect of our cultural life. The *Report of the Royal Commission on National Development in the Arts, Letters and Sciences* has already been discussed generally and at length in magazines, newspapers, and on the radio. I do not know whether the book has been in general demand in libraries and bookstores. It should be; for in spite of its somewhat forbidding title and bulk it is an extraordinarily interesting book, conveniently organized, informative, and unusually well written. One gets the impression that the commissioners, after 114 public meetings, when they received submissions from 1,200 witnesses and listened to 462 briefs, had heard just about every argument on all sides of every question within the scope of their inquiry—yet their report is both clear and comprehensive and their recommendations seem judicious and based on all the evidence. The twenty-eight papers gathered together in the supplementary volume of *Royal Commission Studies,* each prepared by a specialist in the particular field, indicate one kind of evidence which the commissioners used.[1]

[1]Canada, Royal Commission on National Development in the Arts, Letters and Sciences, Report 1949–1951, (Ottawa, King's Printer, xxiv, 517 pp., $3.50); Royal Commission Studies: A selection of essays prepared for the Royal Commission on National Development in the Arts, Letters and Sciences (Ottawa, King's Printer, x, 430 pp., $3).

Part I: English-Canadian Letters

I. POETRY

Northrop Frye

The title poem of Philip Child's *The Victorian House and Other Poems* is a flashback narrative. The narrator has to sell his family home, and in throwing it open to a purchaser memories come back to him and build up a picture of his early life. As he muses, the contrast widens between the realized knowledge of love he has gained from his home and the externalized knowledge of hatred he has gained from watching the passage of wars and dictatorships. Gradually the impression of the reality of the former and the illusoriness of the latter increases until he gains a fleeting sense of an eternal home life in a single body of love. At that point the sharpest of all his memories, a friend dying in the confidence of resurrection, is illuminated for him. The theme of a death which no longer matters is summed up by the purchaser, who decides to tear the house down and use its bricks to build a new one.

In the narrative itself one regrets a rather self-deprecatory melancholy, a gentleness that often seems merely tentative, and, more technically, a mannerism of quoting too many tags from Shakespeare. It is in the interspersed lyrics where one best realizes how well practised a writer Mr. Child is. There his self-consciousness relaxes, and the poet in him speaks directly. In the first stanza of "Prometheus brings a pretty culture" and the sharp simplicity of "How still they lie, the dead" the narrative comes into a clear imaginative focus, and we do not feel, as we too often do in the body of the poem, that words are being used partly as a barrier between the poet and his reader. The lyrics which follow the title poem give, I think, a better impression of Mr. Child's variety and range as a poet than it does. Of these, there is the very impressive "Macrocosm," with its precise but not over-neat conclusion:

> Beyond my sight the cloudless sky
> Is troubled with artillery.

and "Descent for the Lost," a poem on Judas Iscariot which returns to a theme that haunts the title poem also, that the redemptive power of Christ cannot rest until it has sought the lowest depth of human isolation.

Two first collections of poets already fairly well known to readers of Canadian poetry are issued by the First Statement Press of Montreal. Number eight in the New Writers series is Anne Wilkinson's *Counterpoint to Sleep*. The title does not mean that the poems are a

cure for insomnia: it means that Miss Wilkinson is essentially a dream-poet. At her best she has the significant vividness of the remembered dream, or nightmare; at her worst the confusions and obliquities of the forgotten one. Miss Wilkinson is clever: too clever for her own good, sometimes, when a self-conscious avoidance of the obvious leads to a rather wearying verbal dissection of her themes. There is some unsuccessful fantasy, and even the wit of "Winter Sketch" does not conceal the fact that it is bad metaphysical poetry to speak of a snowfall as

> Immaculate conception in a cloud
> Made big by polar ghost.

But when the desire to say something breaks through the preoccupations of saying it a real poetic ability emerges. On this level we find the grisly variant of "Lord Randall" which so raised my hair when I first read it in *Contemporary Verse,* the teetering spiralling rhythm of "Tower Lullaby," and the unsteady but genuine eloquence of "The Great Winds."

Number seven is Kay Smith's *Footnote to the Lord's Prayer and Other Poems.* The note on the back of the cover speaks of "her serious limitations, her crudities of music and structure," which is something new in publishers' blurbs. The revival of the medieval habit of paraphrasing the liturgy has its dangers, notably the danger of having the quotations provide all the impressiveness of the poem. This, I hasten to say, is not what has happened here: in fact I wish Miss Smith had refrained from quoting the clauses, as the poem would be less tied down without them, and its theme is clear enough. In her peroration, no doubt, one feels chiefly that Eliot does this kind of thing much better, but as a whole the poem is a distinctive meditation, with only one or two lapses into religiosity. I like the way she occasionally breaks from syntax to suggest a similar process in prayer, and the varieties of metrical organization show a better sense of structure than her publishers give her credit for. Of the other poems, "Conversations with a Mirror" seems to me an excellent design from a stock pattern; here again the subtitles, "The Girl Speaks" and the rest, are unnecessary, and make the poem look more naïve than it is. On the whole, Miss Smith's high intelligence seems almost a disadvantage: such poems as "The Clown" and "When a Girl Looks Down," which seem to be moving toward a poignant concreteness, dissolve at the end into a generalized and contemplative vision.

Of the more conservative offerings, I find Charles Bruce's *The Mulgrave Road* most consistently successful. His material is almost insistently unpretentious, confined to the simplest landscapes of farms

and fishing villages in Guysborough County, Nova Scotia. One begins, probably, by feeling that nobody can make new poetry out of such material, then one reads:

> Slowly the days grow colder, the long nights fall;
> Plows turn the stubble, fires are tended, and apples
> Mellow in cellars; and under the roots of maples
> Mice are burrowing. And the high geese call.

We are forced to recognize the measured authority of these elegiac cadences. We may say grumpily that anyway this *kind* of thing has often been done before. But repeating ready-made formulas is one thing; working within a convention is quite another. Mr. Bruce is quoted on the dust cover as saying that nostalgia is the silliest word in the language, and the remark is probably the key to his success. His themes have not really been exhausted by poetry; they have merely been exploited by nostalgia. The false notes induced by the latter, such as the "Wondering how they know" which puts a sentimental blur on the end of the otherwise flawless "Country Sunday," are very rare, and hence noticeable. He turns his back on all the compulsions that so often go with the poetic impulse: he knows, he says, that

> gulls on waves of surging air
> Will never get me anywhere—

which well evokes the immovable repose that one often senses in a Maritimer's mind.

Thomas Saunders is another regional poet, and his *Horizontal World* is Saskatchewan. Mr. Saunders may best be described, perhaps, as a metrical conversationalist: that is, he works in the idiom represented by Robert Frost, and is best when he is discursive, commenting on the life of the prairie and understating its harsh and obvious ironies. Too often, however, he fails to resist the temptation to underline his points and oversimplify his situations. I wish "Armand" had not gone on into a murder, not because such things never happen but because they are literary *clichés* when they do. Yet there is much that is readable in his book, and it is no small feat to put colloquial speech as authentic as this into blank verse:

> But now quick-growing wheats are ripe
> And harvested before July is out,
> Some places, or by middle-August at
> The most—with no big threshing-gangs, like in
> The steamer days, touring the country like
> A circus until after snow.

The poetry of social protest, during the thirties, was attached to a number of powerful supports: it had a philosophy in Marxism, a pro-

gramme of action in the proletarian revolution, and a reading public among bourgeois intellectuals. It never achieved a really distinguished expression, but it spoke for a large and influential pressure group. *Nous avons changé tout cela;* the poet's heart is no longer so far on the left side, and the poetry of social protest has retreated into a disembodied anarchism, in some respects a reversion to the old artist-versus-society theme of earlier decades. One of the leaders in this anarchistic development is evidently Kenneth Patchen, whose merits are not yet entirely clear to me, though his mind certainly has some of the imaginative qualities of a great poet. The movement has a Canadian representative this year in Irving Layton's *The Black Huntsmen.*

The idea in Mr. Layton's poetry is to use an intensely personal imagination as an edged tool against a world cemented by smugness, hacking and chopping with a sharp image here, an acid comment there, trying to find holes and weak spots where the free mind can enroot and sprout. It is the misfortune of this technique that the successes are quiet and the faults raucous. There is a real poet buried in Mr. Layton, a gentle, wistful, lonely, and rather frightened poet who tells us how his childhood love for Tennyson grew into a defiant fear of a hostile and pursuing world:

> Now I look out for the evil retinue
> Making their sortie out of a forest of gold.

But where the imagination is conceived as militant, there is apt to develop a split between what the poet can write and what he thinks he ought to write for his cause. Most of Mr. Layton's book is the work, not of the poet in him, but of a noisy hot-gospeller who has no real respect for poetry. The latter speaks in a violent rhetoric which is deliberately summoned up, an incantation that tries to make devils reveal themselves but succeeds only in nagging the air. The same lack of spontaneity in the imagery is betrayed by repetition. One can get as tired of buttocks in Mr. Layton as of buttercups in the *Canadian Poetry Magazine;* and a poet whose imagination is still fettered by a moral conscience, even an anti-conventional one, gives the impression of being in the same state of bondage as the society he attacks.

Michael Hornyansky's *The Queen of Sheba* won the Newdigate Prize for Poetry at Oxford, which is, if I remember correctly, awarded for the best poem on a set theme. Those who assigned the Queen of Sheba must have expected a good deal of paraphrase of the Song of Songs and a whole cargo of cassia, spikenard, aloes, frankincense, and other ingredients of the popular *orientale.* There is a certain amount

of this in Mr. Hornyansky, but on the whole it is well subordinated to the main theme, the development in Solomon's mind from weariness through love to the resigned detachment expressed in Ecclesiastes. The poem is written in a sonorous five-line stanza rhyming abcba, cdedc, etc. In the third and last part the somewhat too carefully modulated utterance begins to take on more warmth and life. It is an admirable practice piece, and it probably won by several lengths.

Of the three Ryerson chap-books, Theresa Thomson's *Silver Shadows* has the rather pallid elegance that its title suggests. Raymond Souster's *City Hall Street* is in his usual vein of satiric comment on the social scene. One feels that he has a prose mind and thinks immediately in prose rhythms, which are then forced consciously and somewhat impatiently into poetic form. The result is frequently a poem with a sententious moral attached at the end: this is true of the title poem, of "Riverdale Zoo," and of "Court of General Sessions." Yet there is a real pathos here and there, especially in "Speakers, Columbus Circle," which survives some labouring of its point. Elizabeth Brewster's *East Coast* is another matter. Miss Brewster writes poetry because she thinks poetically; she is aware of the triviality in the love of mere poeticizing, "the poet baying the familiar moon," and her own images are sharp and crisp, her ideas wrapped around them with great dexterity and precision. One wishes there were more than a mere eight pages of an utterance so fresh and convincing as:

> Peace is what is found
> When the sailor sets his will
> To turn from a rough sea
> To a rougher still.

But as it is, these eight pages are as good as any poetry produced in Canada in 1951 in a single volume.

I add this last because anyone seriously interested in what Canadian poetry is currently doing would be best advised to go first of all to two special issues of magazines. The dauntless *Contemporary Verse* produced its anniversary number (ten years—an extraordinary run for a magazine of poetry, even so good a one as this) in the fall of 1951, and an English periodical, *Poetry Commonwealth,* had a special Canadian number (unfortunately, but more typically, its last) in the spring of the same year. Pratt, Birney, Mackay, F. R. Scott, and Floris McLaren are included in both, and half a dozen others equally well known can be found in each.

The rest of the year's product contains a good deal that merely beats the track of Sarah Binks, but there is also a good deal of competent amateur verse, with much fluency, some humour, and a few glints

of distinctive imaginative perception. It is, however, largely irrelevant to the present survey. The best of the Carillon Poetry Chap-books is that of Edward A. Jameson, whose *Poems* show a variety of themes and considerable delicacy of treatment. Anthony Frisch's *Third Poems* is, as the title elliptically indicates, his third book of poems. Two are in German, and indicate a Germanic affinity for a simple utterance allied to folk song. In "The Maker of Umbrellas" and the second of the "Devil Poems" he has hit on themes of some originality. I. B. Ezra's *The Golden Kernel* has a poem called "On the Birth of a Child" which begins:

> A tragic being, toothless, blind, and gnarled,
> Came suddenly one day into my world—

but it doesn't go on like that.

A selection of the poems of Duncan Campbell Scott, with an introductory memoir, appeared last year as one of the posthumous works of Professor E. K. Brown, my predecessor in this survey, whose tact, skill, erudition, and comprehensiveness in making it I had long admired, and am now fully in a position to appreciate, if somewhat wryly. The memoir is supplementary to the essay on Scott in the same author's *On Canadian Poetry*. Whatever one thinks of the total merit of Scott's very uneven output, he achieved the type of imaginative balance that is characteristic of so much of the best in Canadian culture down to the present generation, when altered social conditions are beginning to upset it. On one side he had the world of urbane and civilized values; on the other, the Quebec forest with its Indians and lonely trappers. He could write a poem on Debussy and a poem on a squaw feeding her child with her own flesh; he was at once primitive and pre-Raphaelite, a recluse of the study and a recluse of the forest. Not since Anglo-Saxon times, it seems to me, has there been the same uneasy conflict between elemental bleakness and the hectic flush of a late and weary civilization that there has been in Canadian poetry and painting of the period from Confederation to the depression. It had to go as the country became more urbanized, and we may regret its passing only if nothing new comes to replace it.

CHECK-LIST OF TITLES

Baker (Ida Emma Fitch), Selected poems; with an introduction by Ray Palmer Baker (Toronto, Ryerson, xviii, 82 pp., $3). Benson (Nathaniel A.), "In memoriam principis": a memorial tribute to my honoured friend, the late Prime Minister of the Dominion of Canada, the Right Honourable W. L. Mackenzie King, O.M., P.C. (1874-1950) on the first anniversary of his death (Toronto, Ontario Publishing Co., 8 pp., 50c.). Bruce (Charles), The Mulgrave road (Toronto, Macmillan, viii, 39 pp., $2.50). Brundle (John),

Across the Arctic seas (79 pp., $2.50); The forsaken plot in the little churchyard (*c.* 1950, 32 pp., $1.50)—from the pen of John, a Suffolk herd boy (Roche's Point, Ont., the author). CANADIAN AUTHORS' ASSOCIATION, MONTREAL BRANCH, Poetry year book, 1950 (Montreal, c/o Canadian Handicrafts Guild, 20–25 Peel St., x, 40 pp., $1). CHILD (PHILIP), The Victorian house and other poems (Toronto, Ryerson, x, 54 pp., $2.25). CONKLIN (WILLIAM), Wind-blown leaves (Carillon poetry chap-books; Foleyet, Ont., Crucible Press; Prince Albert, Sask., the author, 600 West 22nd St., 18 pp., 50c.). CONTEMPORARY VERSE, Anniversary number, 1941–1951 (Fall 1951, no. 36, 28 pp., 35c.). DUDDRIDGE (HUGH), Seen from my seeder step: a volunteer crop of verse from a Saskatchewan farm (Prince Albert, Sask., the author, 327 West 14th St., 1950, viii, 73 pp., $1). EZRA (I. B.), The golden kernel and other poems (Toronto, Derby Publishing Co., xii, 115 pp.). FOUND (LILIAN), What matter what way; foreword by WILFRID EGGLESTON (Ottawa, A. H. Jarvis, 328 Laurier Ave., W.; James Hope & Sons, 61 Sparks St., 1950, iv, 36 pp., 50c.). FRISCH (ANTHONY), Third poems (Hull, Ivy Publishing Co., P.O. Box 225; Ottawa, the author, ii, 29 pp., $1). GOWMAN (HENRY), Pickle crow and other poems (Carillon poetry chap-books; Foleyet, Ont., Hilda M. Ridley, P.O. Box 155, 18 pp., 75c.). HORNYANSKY (MICHAEL), The Queen of Sheba; Newdigate prize poem, 1951 (Oxford, Basil Blackwell; Toronto, Copp Clark, 14 pp., 50c.). HOWARD (BLANCHE MUIRHEAD), Reach for a star (Toronto, Ryerson, vi, 10 pp., 50c.). JAMESON (EDWARD A.), Poems (Carillon poetry chap-books; Foleyet, Ont., Hilda M. Ridley, P.O. Box 155, 18 pp., 75c.). LAYTON (IRVING), The black huntsmen (Montreal, the author, 8035 Kildare Ave., Cote St. Luc, 56 pp.). MACINTOSH (CLAIRE HARRIS), The spirit of the *Bluenose* and other poems; foreword by Rev. Sister MAURA (Halifax, Imperial Press Limited, viii, 44 pp., $2). ORFORD (MCLEOD), Inverhuron and other poems (Carillon poetry chap-books; Foleyet, Ont., Hilda M. Ridley, P.O. Box 155, 20 pp., 75c.). POETRY COMMONWEALTH, No. 8, Canadian number, ed. EARLE BIRNEY (London, Eng., c/o Lionel Monteith, ed., 31 Dulwich Village, 19 pp., 1*s.* 6*d.*). RYERSON POETRY CHAP-BOOKS, City hall street, by RAYMOND SOUSTER (8 pp.); East coast, by ELIZABETH BREWSTER (8 pp.); Silver shadows, by THERESA E. THOMSON (8 pp.) (Toronto, Ryerson, $1 each). SASKATCHEWAN POETRY SOCIETY, The Saskatchewan poetry book, 1951–52 (Regina, the Society, 2514A, 15th Ave., ii, 47 pp., 40c.). SAUNDERS (THOMAS), Horizontal world (Toronto, Ryerson, 41 pp., $2.25). SCOTT (DUNCAN CAMPBELL), Selected poems; with a memoir by E. K. BROWN (Toronto, Ryerson, xliv, 176 pp., $3.50). SELLE (LEN G.), Moments and other poems (Carillon poetry chap-books; Fraserdale, Ont., the author, $1). SMITH (KAY), Footnote to the Lord's Prayer, and other poems (New writers' series, no. 7; Montreal, First Statement Press, 36 pp., $1). WILKINSON (ANNE), Counterpoint to sleep (New writers' series, no. 8; Montreal, First Statement Press, 36 pp., $1).

II. FICTION

CLAUDE T. BISSELL

There are in Canada only a few established, professional novelists and relatively a great number of writers who produce one or two novels and then relapse into silence. The mathematical probabilities are that a given year will be represented by only one or two writers of

the former type. This year is unusual because it saw the publication of books by three of our most firmly established novelists. Miss Mazo de la Roche, and Morley Callaghan, are two inescapable names in any account of contemporary Canadian fiction: both began to publish novels in the twenties, and both were instrumental in raising the Canadian novel above a provincial status. Hugh MacLennan, although his career as a novelist began only in 1941, established himself quickly and authoritatively so that now periodicals of such weight and eminence as *Time* and the *Times Literary Supplement* look upon him as the most persuasive literary voice in Canada today.

Of these three novelists, Miss de la Roche demands the least detailed consideration. Her latest novel, *Renny's Daughter,* takes its place, for the time being, as the last of the twelve Jalna volumes. The scene is the immediately contemporary: there are casual conversational references to the atom bomb and D.P's; some of the characters carry scars from the war; and, most significant of all, Jalna is threatened by the rising tide of industrialism. But the faithful Jalna reader need not be disturbed by these signs of change. He will find the same familiar world in which romantic love, sudden and tempestuous in its early stages, threatens to set at nought the sacred traditions of the family. Renny's daughter, Adeline, a dazzling reincarnation of her grandmother, is the romantic rebel, and her ally is an Irishman with a dubious but exciting past. The death of Ernest in his ninety-fifth year recalls Adeline to the family circle. No character in the Jalna novels can escape or really wants to escape from the sternly benevolent grasp of the family. The last scene in the novel, between Adeline and her father, suggests that her Irish lover may soon enter the domestic fold. But that belongs to another volume.

With the publication of *Jalna* in 1927, Miss de la Roche hit upon a formula that displayed her talents and appealed to a wide reading public. The pattern once established, she has seen no reason to vary it in any fundamental way. Her readers come to a new Jalna novel in the certainty that everything will be familiar, that what awaits them is another pleasant domestic romance. In the fiction of domestic romance, Miss de la Roche is an accomplished master. Hers is a small, cloistered world where only domestic embroilment and the perils and ecstasies of romantic love have any real significance; but all this is set against a warm, colourful natural background and is sharply controlled by Miss de la Roche's powers of observation and analysis. The extent of her achievement is brought home by a reading of Louise Riley's *One Happy Moment,* one of this year's novels, in which the same blend of romance and nature has none of the same tonic effects.

MacLennan and Callaghan have a radically different attitude toward the task of the novelist from that of Mazo de la Roche. For them each novel is an attempt to find an appropriate structure for what they feel to be a distinct reading of life. They have, of course, certain identifying characteristics that occur in all their novels. Callaghan rarely escapes from an urban landscape of bars, speakeasies, and shabby rented rooms; and although in his prose style he has advanced beyond the stylized monotony, the calculated barrenness of *Strange Fugitive, It's Never Over,* and *A Broken Journey,* he is still reticent about using the resources of syntax and vocabulary. MacLennan has not, like Callaghan, adapted one predominant backdrop for his novels. In his selection of locale and in types of character, he has ranged much more boldly. But the strong personal imprint is there. It is most evident in the prose style. Unlike Callaghan, he has no fear of the bold rhetorical device; he is not trying to trap experience in a casual, almost inconsequential prose; he is trying to overcome it by a direct attack.

For a number of reasons, Morley Callaghan's novel, *The Loved and the Lost,* demands our fullest consideration in this survey. In the first place, it signalizes Mr. Callaghan's return to the novel after a silence of fourteen years. It is true that in 1948 he published *The Varsity Story,* but that book was simply a pamphlet in the form of a novel and, moreover, had little relation with what he had done before. In the second place, this, it seems to me, is not only Mr. Callaghan's best novel, but one of the best contemporary Canadian novels.

The Loved and the Lost does not represent a new departure. To that extent it may be disappointing to many readers. Despite the shift from Toronto to Montreal, this is still the same world and the same kind of theme that one finds in *Such is My Beloved, They Shall Inherit the Earth,* and *More Joy in Heaven.* Callaghan is still fascinated by the baffling dialectics of good and evil, by the contrast between the easy moral dichotomies of society and the revaluation enforced by sympathetic spiritual insight. Certainly this is a bold and impressive theme, but it is also one that is fraught with dangers. The novelist must overcome the tendency of the reader to identify himself with the judgments of society, and to view any departure therefrom as moral obliquity, or, what is worse, as stupid sentimentalism. More often than not Mr. Callaghan has been accused of the latter. Is the priest of *Such is My Beloved* who set out to reclaim two prostitutes simply a victim of his own thwarted instincts, or has he caught a vision of the relation between human and divine love? Many readers declared for the former, and suggested that Mr. Callaghan had attempted to do the

impossible in fitting a tawdry story to religious allegory. The same judgment has been made even more peremptorily about *The Loved and the Lost*. The central character is a young, attractive girl with a manner and appearance suggestive of placid innocence who is fond of Negroes and spends most of her evenings in a nightclub in St. Antoine which they frequent. Peggy's conduct arouses a variety of cynical comments, the most charitable being that "She's the little girl who wants to sing when nobody will listen to her, the piano player everybody walks out on." And Peggy's account of how her liking for Negroes first arose is a piece of calculated ambiguity in which humanitarian concern for the oppressed is joined with a strong suggestion of the erotically sensual. One man is convinced of her goodness, the professor who had come to Montreal to write a column for a leading paper, and who until he met Peggy Sanderson was obviously destined to marry the publisher's attractive socialite daughter. McAlpine not only perceives Peggy's fundamental goodness, but he grasps the terrifying fact that society, baffled by such goodness, will finally try to destroy it. Even the Negroes are on the side of the destructive forces; for, although they welcome her and enjoy her companionship, they resent her easy democratic ways and her refusal to attach herself to any one person. The accumulated forces of destruction break out one night at the Negro nightclub. Peggy finds herself the innocent cause of a riot; she escapes to her rooming house, and that night she is raped and murdered. Who the murderer is we do not know, nor do we greatly care. "Maybe we'll never find out who did it," the philosophic detective investigating the case remarks to McAlpine. "You know why? What if we all did it? The human condition. That has truth, don't you think?"

Critics have often looked upon Callaghan as primarily the short-story writer and have pointed out that his novels give an impression of thinness, of a few slight situations puffed up into a book. The comment is just to this extent, that Callaghan has never striven for variety and complexity, that he has always tried to exploit the potentialities of a single situation. Although all of his novels, and certainly *The Loved and the Lost,* are suffused with a sense of indignation against the callous cruelty of society, they never become preachments. This, I would suggest, is a source of strength. *The Loved and the Lost* fastens immediately upon problems of character and conduct and keeps them constantly before the reader. Callaghan has never been more successful in exposition: he does it not simply by presenting a number of diverse points of view, all of which are filtered through the mind of the central observer, McAlpine, but by interweaving with

great skill a group of symbols that at once clarify and expound the main problem. When McAlpine first meets Peggy, she takes him to see a wood carving of a leopard displayed in a large department store; the leopard is "suggestive of power and lurking violence." A little later as they are strolling through the down-town streets of Montreal, Peggy points out with delight "a little old church, half Gothic and half Romanesque, but light and simple in balance." The leopard and the church symbolize, perhaps a little too patly, the two divergent forces that, joined together, will lead to her destruction. The two symbols keep returning with gentle insistence; they become what the late Professor E. K. Brown would call "echoes." In the final scene in the novel, McAlpine, his mind filled with poignant memories of Peggy, goes in search of the little church that she had shown to him on the day they first met. The sun "was warm and brilliant. It melted the snow. But he couldn't find the little church."

The leopard and the church are specific and arbitrary symbols; they are deliberately planted in the novel and the reader immediately translates them into spiritual qualities. Even more effective is Callaghan's ability to make the whole physical background a part of the moral drama. The action takes place in the winter, and the characters seem to move through a haze of falling snow. We finally share McAlpine's vision of a white world of death and evil. This sinister white world coalesces with another symbol that keeps recurring throughout the novel. When Wolgast, the good-natured Polish barkeeper, is trying to explain why he must turn against Peggy and her Negro friends, he tells the story of the white horse. As a boy in Poland, he had treasured above all a white horse that was his family's only valued possession. In his poverty his father had been forced to sell the horse, and the boy had been consumed with sorrow and indignation. At the time his father had turned upon him and had beaten him mercilessly. But when his father was on his deathbed, he had said to his son, "Try and own a white horse of your own some day." For Wolgast the white horse has become a symbol of a private world of security, of the prestige of possession. In the final chapter of the novel the symbol expands into the total framework of the novel:

> As the sun touched the top of the mountain and suddenly brightened the snow, McAlpine stopped, watching it intently. He had a swift wild fancy: the streets on the slopes of the mountain were echoing to the pounding of horses' hoofs. All the proud men on their white horses came storming down the slope of the mountain in a ruthless cavalry charge, the white horses whirling and snorting in the snow. And Peggy was on foot in the snow. She didn't own a white horse. She didn't want to. She didn't care. And he was beside her; but he drew back out of the way of the

terrifying hoofs and they rode over her. And now he was left alone on the street, and the young women who knew his story were staring at him sorrowfully, all saying the same thing.

Each Man's Son, Hugh MacLennan's new novel, is also a novel that aims at a simple intensity. This, you will recall, had not been a characteristic of Mr. MacLennan's last two novels. *Two Solitudes* had been a dramatic exposition of the conflict between French and English, skilfully and movingly controlled in the first section of the novel, becoming vague and unconvincing in the second section. *The Precipice* had suffered from too massive a weight of ideas and sociological analysis, and the characters and the action had never resolved themselves into a recognizable pattern. In some respects, *Each Man's Son* is reminiscent of Mr. MacLennan's first successful novel, *Barometer Rising*. Again he has set about to recapture some of his early memories, this time memories of a colliery town in Cape Breton on the eve of the First World War. And, as in the first novel, he permits himself the luxury of a contrived plot. But these are only surface resemblances. *Barometer Rising* had the simplicity of a melodrama; *Each Man's Son* has the simplicity that arises out of the dominance of one major idea.

As in *The Precipice*, Mr. MacLennan is concerned about the terrible inheritance of Calvinism. But whereas in the earlier novel he had linked Calvinism rather bewilderingly with the inadequacy of the Canadian character and the moral dilemma of American industrialism, here he has carefully delimited the concept. Calvinism in *Each Man's Son* is the peculiar blight that the Cape Breton islander has carried from Scotland to his home in the New World. With some it retains the old horrible literalism; with others, more sensitive and more intelligent, it has become a vague, menacing force that exacts an obedience to an impossible ideal and weakens or poisons the natural emotions.

Daniel Ainslie, the central character in the novel, is one of these latter-day Calvinists. A skilful doctor, selflessly devoted to the healing of human bodies, he can demonstrate humility and tenderness only in the exercise of his profession. In ordinary human relations he is a failure. Although he loves his wife deeply, he is helpless to prevent a barrier from arising between them. She is of United Empire Loyalist stock, and she does not understand his blend of Highland mysticism and Calvinism. Moreover, their childlessness arouses in him a sense of guilt. Daniel reaches out hungrily for some emotional satisfaction; and he thinks that he can find it by adopting another man's son. This, he reasons, is not selfishness on his part, for young Alan MacNeil's father, a Cape Breton miner turned prize-fighter, has left his family to seek an elusive fortune in the United States. Here the logic of

character ceases and the devices of plot take over. The novel ends in a burst of coincidence and violence. The originating idea of the novel still, however, emerges. Even Daniel's love for young Alan MacNeil has been tainted by Calvinist hardness; and, as a result, it has bred violence and death.

Each Man's Son has many of the qualities that we have come to admire in Mr. MacLennan's work. It has a clear and, at times, eloquent prose style; it has many individual scenes that are sharply and sympathetically projected; and it gives constant evidence of the working of a lively and flexible mind. It is certainly a better novel than *The Precipice,* if only because it is less encyclopaedic in its references. But it cannot be described as a successful work of art. Mr. MacLennan has failed to relate his "idea" to character and action. One has the disturbing thought that the references to Calvinism and the Highland temperament are easily detachable, and that then we would have left a number of scenes of Cape Breton life and of the sordid world of prize-fighting upon which had been imposed an exciting conclusion.

The year also saw the publication of four "first" novels of merit: Abraham Klein's *The Second Scroll,* Robertson Davies' *Tempest-Tost,* John Cornish's *The Provincials,* and Luella Creighton's *High Bright Buggy Wheels.*

Two of these first novels came from writers who have earned a reputation in other literary *genres.* Robertson Davies is the first name that comes to mind when one attempts to draw up a token list of Canadian dramatists. He is equally well known here and far better known in Great Britain as the author of two volumes of sprightly comment on the folkways of the Ontario citizen. Abraham Klein is one of the best of our contemporary poets and, of late, an enthusiastic and learned commentator on the works of James Joyce. It is a welcome sign that writers such as these are turning to the field of the novel. For the Canadian novel clearly needs the sophistication and the sense of craftsmanship that one finds in a good deal of our modern poetry.

The dust jacket of Abraham Klein's book reads *The Second Scroll: A Novel.* This, one suspects, is a calculated publisher's appeal, for what we have is a philosophical narrative of the ordeal and triumph of Zionism, to which is appended a commentary that is made up mainly of a group of poems. The five sections of the narrative comprise a modern pentateuch of the Jewish people, and each section will no doubt have for the informed a rich variety of allusion to its biblical parallel. But the uninitiate need not be intimidated by Mr. Klein's scholarly use of Jewish lore and learning. The narrative outline is clear and firm, and tells a fascinating story of the war of ideas in the mind

of one representative Jew. Melech Davidson is representative not of the average Jew, but of the spiritual development of his people. He is, so we are told, "a philanderer of ideas" and a "kind of mirror of the events of our time." We hear of him first as a young man famed in his Polish community for a rare piety and a deep learning. Then, after surviving a pogrom organized by the White Russians, he joins the Communist party, and from "Talmudic scholar, syllogizing the past" he becomes "Moscow student, conspiring a world's future." The course of the Second World War induces a second recantation. For a while Melech appears to have lost his moorings. While awaiting disposal in a refugee camp in Italy, he flirts with Catholicism. Eventually, after a political mission to Casablanca on behalf of the Jewish minority, he reaches the promised land of Israel. All this time we have never been permitted a direct glimpse of Melech. The narrator is Melech's nephew, who as a young boy knows his uncle only through family talks and letters, and later as a journalist sent on a mission to Israel follows his uncle's trail in Europe, Africa, and Israel. Just when the longed-for meeting is about to take place, he hears of Melech's death during a border clash. In his death, Melech is exalted into a national symbol; in the minds of his contemporaries he becomes a successor to the prophets and the patriots of old.

There is obviously abundant material here for a novel of ideas; but Klein prefers the compression of rhetoric and poetry for the discursiveness of fiction. There are many passages in *The Second Scroll* that will recall the glowing tapestries and the satiric eloquence of his early Jewish poetry as well as the bold wit of his last volume, *The Rocking Chair*. To whatever type we assign *The Second Scroll*—fiction, philosophical autobiography, prose anatomy—it will commend itself to readers as a rare and skilfully fashioned work of art.

If Mr. Davies the dramatist and producer is largely responsible for the choice of the subject material in *Tempest-Tost,* Mr. Davies the witty and acidulous commentator has determined the method. *Tempest-Tost* is about an amateur theatrical group in an Ontario town who embark on the bold project of a "pastoral"—an outdoor performance of *The Tempest*. Mr. Davies is chiefly concerned with presenting a gallery of "characters," and with revealing the intimate politics of amateur theatrical societies. He contents himself with one plot situation that involves the pathetic love of Hector Mackilwraith, the staid, middle-aged mathematics master in the local high-school and the ineffectual Gonzalo of the play, for the attractive eighteen-year-old Griselda Webster who is the obvious choice for the part of Ariel. Mr. Davies is, I think, open to the criticism that Hector and his desperate

love are a little out of place in a novel that aims at an effect of light, satirical comedy. A character whose frustrations and emotional immaturity finally impel him to attempt suicide is scarcely a fit plaything for the comic spirit. Elsewhere the material and the tone are in harmony. The novel is a refreshing departure from the studied realism that so far has characterized our best fiction. The town of Salterton, with its Waverly University, its military college, its considerable share of wealth and tradition, does not easily escape identification; and the honest reader, particularly if he has been brought up in an Ontario town or city, will recognize Mr. Davies' accuracy as a chronicler of provincial *mores*. But characters as richly eccentric and as verbally dextrous as those that appear in *Tempest-Tost* belong to an artificial world of comedy. The studied verbal ingenuity of the dialogues and of the passages of comment and analysis is what propels the reader through a series of episodes. The novel could furnish abundant material for another volume of table-talk. It might include, for instance, the passage in which the mathematics teacher, recalling his high-school curriculum in English literature, lumps together *Julius Caesar, The Merchant of Venice, The Lay of the Last Minstrel,* and *Sohrab and Rustum* as "ambiguous and unsupported assertions by men of lax mind." Mr. Davies has been accused of too self-conscious a pursuit of epigram and of writing a prose that is far too polished and sophisticated for a good Canadian. This, surely, is criticism of a peculiarly dispiriting variety. Qualities of mind such as Mr. Davies has are so rare that we should gladly welcome them even when they appear in excess.

Another first novel, John Cornish's *The Provincials,* makes a distinctive contribution to our scanty literature of social satire. Satire in the Canadian novel has usually been only an incidental accompaniment to a serious analysis of our customs and prejudices, and its favourite targets have been our puritanism, our stodgy respectability, and our unlovely materialism. These have been Mr. Davies' targets too, even although he has a light and carefree touch. Mr. Cornish introduces a new note. Like Mr. Davies, he thoroughly enjoys himself in his world of absurdity and pretense, but he never gives the impression of satisfied superiority. And he deals with a kind of society that, common enough in the contemporary English and American novel, in the novels of, for instance, Evelyn Waugh, Aldous Huxley, Scott Fitzgerald, has never to my knowledge figured significantly in Canadian literature. Mr. Cornish writes about a wealthy family in British Columbia that eastern Canadians may find offensively improbable. The spiritual affinities here—and this Mr. Cornish frequently

points out—are with California, and not with New York or Massachusetts. Mr. Dunseith, the father, is a lumber baron who has acquired his great wealth by a mixture of cunning and good fortune. He is cut to a familiar pattern, but his family—wife, daughter, and five sons—have used his wealth to enter a wonderland where their interests and their passions of both mind and body are gloriously and recklessly released. They make up a kind of colourful and exotic menagerie that arouses wonder, amusement, and, at times, a faint disgust.

The story of the Dunseiths is told by a young man who was absorbed into the family circle, first by friendship and later by marriage. Mr. Cornish uses the method of free autobiographical reminiscence. He begins with a diverting account of boyhood experiences in a prep school run on strict pre-Arnoldian principles, and he advances through the various stages of adolescence, university education, marriage, and middle-age responsibilities. There is a constant, although never obtrusive, range of topical allusion; the unemployment riots of the late thirties and the Second World War touch even the Dunseiths; Emily Carr appears in two vivid but somewhat inconsequent scenes, and we are introduced to a number of characters from the social, business, and academic world that will encourage the pleasant sport of identification. Mr. Cornish writes with a casual bravado that often yields strikingly apt phrases and occasionally disintegrates into sprawling, sophomoric sentences.

The novel about rural Ontario life that flourished during the first two decades of this century has made increasingly rare appearances of late. One of the reasons for this is that Ontario, its southern part at least, no longer furnishes the more obvious characteristics of frontier life. (It is significant that novels with a western rural setting are still turned out regularly: this year supplies one amiably undistinguished representative in Barbara Villy Cormack's *Local Rag.*) A second and more compelling reason is that the novel about rural Ontario has had, more often than not, a didactic and sentimental flavour that an increasingly sophisticated and urbanized reading public does not find palatable. That there is no necessary relation between qualities such as these and the use of a rural setting is convincingly demonstrated by Mrs. Creighton's *High Bright Buggy Wheels.*

The conviction that Mrs. Creighton is doing something quite different from writers like Ralph Connor, Marian Keith, and Dorothy Dumbrille may be partially the accident of her subject-matter. She is not writing about the descendants of United Empire Loyalists or about Scotsmen who cling to their accent and "the immortal memory," but about Mennonites. It may come as a pleasant shock to many

readers that only a few miles from Toronto there are people so exotic in their habits and traditions, who, at the same time, make up a compact and established society. Yet Mrs. Creighton is not trafficking in quaint peculiarities. Her Mennonites may regard themselves as a people set apart, but they belong, none the less, to the Ontario scene. Economically, they have adjusted themselves with conspicuous success. They have turned the rich rolling land to which the Lord had providentially led them into model farms. Even in matters of religion they are more representative than would at first sight appear. For strip their religion of its externalities and it is not far removed from the evangelical fundamentalism that still lingers on in rural (and urban) Ontario, and must have been far more widespread in the first decade of the century, the period about which Mrs. Creighton is writing.

It is with the religious life of the Mennonites that Mrs. Creighton is most concerned. Her theme is conversion, but conversion in reverse. Tilli Shantz, daughter of one of the most devout of the Mennonite patriarchs, responds to the enchantment of the outside world, and after a series of relapses into the old ways, finally accepts her freedom. This is not, however, a profound and searching treatment of the theme. Tilli is a beautiful and passionate young girl, and she moves more in obedience to unconscious instinct than to conscious thought. Moreover, the primary agent of her conversion is a brash young playboy, for whom the Mennonites might be said to have a justifiable contempt. That indeed may be part of Mrs. Creighton's plan: by balancing our sympathies in this way, she is in a better position to concentrate on the drama of human relations, particularly on the relation between Tilli and her father.

In his introductory chapter in *On Canadian Poetry* E. K. Brown pointed out that "there is something unique in the life of rural Ontario, something that no novelist has succeeded in catching. . . ." Up until now, this statement could not be challenged seriously. As counter evidence I can think of only the Jalna novels, in which even the most sensitive passages of natural description are enveloped in a nostalgic Anglophile haze, or Grove's one Ontario novel, *Two Generations,* a valiant attempt to adapt an awkward and austere prose style to a pastoral theme. Mrs. Creighton is far more successful than either of these two writers in telling us accurately and sensitively about the southern Ontario countryside. For many of her readers, scene after scene will bring the excitement of delighted recognition.

If, as I have suggested, the sentimental, didactic novel about rural life no longer bulks large in Canadian fiction, there has been no discernible tendency to swing in the opposite direction. As yet we can

point to no school of tough naturalism. Perhaps the writer who comes closest to the ideals of American naturalism is Hugh Garner. He concentrates on the plight of the little man in an industrialized and war-minded society; he accumulates details that render the ugliness and monotony of the urban background. And yet Mr. Garner does not have either the appetite for the unsavoury detail nor the facility in regurgitation that the most recent exponents of American naturalism have displayed. Mr. Garner has published two novels this year. The first of these, *Cabbagetown,* is a minor companion piece to his first published novel, *Storm Below,* which seemed to me to be one of the best Canadian novels based upon war experience. *Cabbagetown* takes us back to the depression years of the thirties and into a section of Toronto that aspires, amid its poverty, to a few of the middle-class graces. Mr. Garner's method is sociological: he gives us a group of "case histories," concentrating on one for purposes of narrative interest. It is not unfair to his methods and achievements to describe the novel as a Canadian *Love on the Dole* in which, however, the pathos of man's lot and not the iniquity of economic oppression is the predominant note. Mr. Garner's second novel, *Present Reckoning,* is a depressing departure from his other novels. It is concerned with an embittered proletarian Lothario and his unhappy post-war loves. *Present Reckoning,* one hopes, is a deliberate "pot-boiler."

Mr. W. G. Hardy's *The Unfulfilled*, like *Cabbagetown,* is, in some respects, a sociological study. Again the scene is Toronto, this time during and immediately after the Second World War (with periodic shifts to New York and London, England), but the characters are drawn from the middle class, and the analysis is conducted in a far more elaborate way. Mr. Hardy boldly joins the corps of journalists and novelists who are trying to isolate the pure Canadian. He employs the favourite device of contrast and comparison with the United States and with the United Kingdom, and he emerges with familiar conclusions: "Could not the Canadian . . . (even if he was humourless) be steadier, less apt to panic, less likely to mount a chariot on any given question and go galloping off wildly in all directions?" A secondary theme is the selfishness of big business that insists upon preserving a protected Canadian market for its own exploitation. The hero of the novel is a Toronto novelist and journalist of enlightened liberal views who jeopardizes his career by forthright attacks on Toronto tycoons. But *The Unfulfilled* is not only a novel of political and social discussions, protracted as these often are. At one point the hero reflects that "there was always, finally, this man and woman business, and how dull it would be if there weren't." Mr. Hardy

heartily subscribes to this. His characters are not strongly aware of any conflict between the spirit and the flesh. Like good Canadians they suffer from occasional attacks of puritanical remorse, but the attacks are soon beaten off. Mr. MacLennan, it will be recalled, aroused the displeasure of the critics because he inserted one romantically erotic scene into *Two Solitudes*. Mr. Hardy apparently thinks that there is safety in repetition.

There was no noteworthy representative this year of the historical novel, oldest and hardiest of the types of Canadian prose fiction. Will R. Bird's *So Much to Record* is the nearest approach to the type. The novel has for its setting Mr. Bird's special preserve, Cumberland County in Nova Scotia, and in its early sections it is concerned with the disturbing effects on a small ship-building community of the final disappearance of the sailing ship. But, as in his previous novels about early life in Nova Scotia, Mr. Bird does not set out to interweave history and fiction. He likes to crowd his novels with characters and incidents and minimize background and analysis. *So Much to Record* reads like a romance for young readers that has been adapted with indifferent results for an adult audience. Although Grace Helen Mowat's *Broken Barrier* has a contemporary setting, in spirit it is akin to the historical novel. Miss Mowat writes about a romance between a girl from a Loyalist farm on the St. John River and a pensive bachelor, who turns his big old Victorian house on Staten Island into a solitary retreat. Each of them is endowed with a historical imagination that makes the past more vital than the present. The heroine, for instance, defends the character and policy of George III with considerably more heat than an old school Tory would display in defending the peace policy of Chamberlain. Appropriately, what brings their love to a climax is the discovery that their families were linked together during American Revolutionary days.

Of the three mystery stories of the year, *The Frightened Dove* by Peter Hardin (*nom de plume* for Louis Vaczek) is the most substantial fare. Mr. Vaczek is the author of *River and Empty Sea,* the fine historical novel of early Quebec that was published last year. We expect that Mr. Vaczek, even when he appears in the guise of Peter Hardin, will write with an assurance not very common among the manufacturers of mystery stories. The expectation is fulfilled. This is not an ingenious network of incidents designed to satisfy curiosity and a genteel appetite for death and violence. The physical background, mainly the city of Montreal, is sensitively integrated with character and action. Moreover, Mr. Vaczek has an arresting theme. His central character, Ricci Bartoli, has been a liberal journalist and an organizer

of underground resistance in Mussolini's Italy, and a special agent for the United States army during the Second World War. Now living in New York, he hears of the arrival in that city of Colombo, an infamous member of the Fascist gang who had been responsible, among many atrocities, for the murder of Ricci's parents. Ricci is torn between his desire to seek revenge and the realization that the passionate faith that had sustained him during his career of revolutionary violence has waned. He sets out to follow Colombo, and the gruesome drama in which he is involved is meant to illuminate the rationale of violence in a world where political power and evil are darkly conjoined. The theme is, however, too formidable for the medium that the author has adopted. Mr. Vaczek is also conscious of his duty as mystery story writer to baffle and confuse, and this he does so successfully that the novel leaves one with the feeling of dissipated effort.

CHECK-LIST OF TITLES

Bird (Will R.), So much to record (Toronto, Ryerson, vi, 317 pp., $3.50). *Bullard (Margaret), Wedlock's the devil (London, Hamish Hamilton; Toronto, British Book Service, 271 pp., $2.50). Callaghan (Morley), The loved and the lost (Toronto, Macmillan, vi, 234 pp., $3). Clay (George Albert), Beggars might ride (New York, Appleton-Century-Crofts; Toronto, Collins, vi, 341 pp., $3.75). Cooke (Ronald J.), The mayor of Cote St. Paul (Toronto, Harlequin Books, 1950, 157 pp., 25c.). Cormack (Barbara Villy), Local rag (Toronto, Ryerson, x, 234 pp., $3.25). Cornish (John), The provincials (New York, Sloane; Toronto, McLeod, vi, 258 pp., $4). Creighton (Luella), High bright buggy wheels (Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, vi, 352 pp., $3.50). Davies (Robertson), Tempest-tost (Toronto, Clarke, Irwin, vi, 376 pp., $3). De la Roche (Mazo), Renny's daughter (London and Toronto, Macmillan, viii, 363 pp., $3.50). Edwards (Lois), My heart in hiding (New York, Morrow; Toronto, McLeod, 248 pp., $3.50). Garner (Hugh), Cabbagetown (White circle pocket ed.; Toronto, Collins, 160 pp., 25c.); Present reckoning (White circle pocket ed.; Toronto, Collins, 158 pp., 25c.). Halldorsson (Albert L.), Fruits of the valley: an historic novel (Winnipeg, the author, 184 Evanson St., 1950, 128 pp., $2). Hardin (Peter), *see* Vaczek (Louis). Hardy (W. G.), The unfulfilled (Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, iv, 334 pp., $3.50). Hunter (James H.), Thine is the kingdom (Grand Rapids, Mich., Zondervan Publishing House; Toronto, Evangelical Publishers, 288 pp., $3). Klein (A. M.), The second scroll (New York, Knopf; Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, vi, 198 pp., $3.25). Kristofferson (Kristine Benson), Tanya (Toronto, Ryerson, iv, 250 pp., $3.50). McGrew (Fenn) [Julia McGrew and *Caroline Fenn], Murder by mail (New York, Rinehart; Toronto, Clarke Irwin, vi, 246 pp., $3). Mack (Elsie Frances), Deborah (New York, Bouregy & Curl; Toronto, McLeod, 254 pp., $2.35). MacLennan (Hugh), Each man's son (Toronto, Macmillan, x, 244 pp., $3). Moore

*The asterisk indicates that the author is not a Canadian but concerned with a Canadian subject.

(Brian), The executioners (Toronto, Harlequin Books, 157 pp., 25c.). Mowat (Grace Helen), Broken barrier: a romance of Staten Island and the province of New Brunswick; with a foreword by The Honourable D. L. MacLaren (Fredericton, University Press of New Brunswick, viii, 182 pp., $2.50). Riley (Louise), One happy moment (Toronto, Copp Clark, iv, 212 pp., $3). Symons (Harry), The bored meeting (Toronto, Ryerson, vi, 121 pp., $2.50) Vaczek (Louis), The frightened dove (New York, Scribner; Toronto, Saunders, vi, 192 pp., $3.25). Young (Patricia), East of Bow Bells (London and Melbourne, Ward Lock; Toronto, Ryerson, 1950, 221 pp., $2).

III. DRAMA

Vincent Tovell

Year after year these reports on Canadian play writing have come to the same depressing conclusion: our plays are, with only rare exceptions, amateur and inferior to Canadian writing in other forms. Stimulated, and paid for, by the C.B.C., radio writing has gradually become thoroughly professional in Canada and, measured by standards appropriate to that medium, I think some of it has been outstanding in recent years. But there has been no such sponsor for our theatre. While a patron cannot command first-rate work I think nobody will deny that it simply does not pay a writer to give serious attention to the theatre in Canada and that this has greatly handicapped our development in this field. Perhaps C.B.C. Television will give the playwright his big chance. That medium will certainly offer him far greater scope than radio, a large audience, and at least some sort of payment too. This chronicle then may yet—and before long—be cheerier to read, and to write.

Meanwhile, I think the London Little Theatre has the right idea in offering a prize of $1,000 for an original play which it will produce. This is a real reward for serious work. Last year the prize went to Joseph Schull for "Shadow of a Tree." Some may recall a radio version of the play done several seasons ago on the C.B.C.'s "Stage" series. It concerns a Canadian family torn, and finally broken, by moral conflicts. The father is a corrupt business man masking malpractices behind a memorial hospital. His married son is involved with the hospital's unscrupulous benefactress; and a younger son, blinded in the war, is quite lost in actual and spiritual darkness. The father, in the end, is destroyed and each son is left to fumble towards some sort of compromise with himself. It is a sordid picture but willy-nilly a faith in the future, in the "noble lunacy" of life, is affirmed. Mr. Schull is a practised writer; he can build scenes and generate dramatic heat. But in this case his effects are contrived and unconvincing. He has overdone the dramatics. The characters seem to lurch from posture to posture and the hortatory climax comes directly from the author

without respect to his characters or the situation he has created for them.

In "Argus Bank" Graham Ferguson also makes a comment on a part of Canadian life—and again the results are disappointing because the dramatic germ hasn't been developed satisfactorily. The hero, in this play, is a disillusioned veteran who has withdrawn to a spectator's position in an eastern Canadian port. Against his will, however, the violence of a dock strike catapults him into physical, and moral, action which he is quite unprepared for, which he cannot cope with, and which finally destroys him. There is a core of tragedy here and the theme is interesting, since it touches on some of the great issues bedevilling our generation. But as "Argus Bank" stands, the plot rambles and the characters are allowed to talk on aimlessly. If Mr. Ferguson were to sharpen the issue of the reflective man pitted against brutal forces and expose more clearly the nature of his moral paralysis it seems to me his play would gain greatly in impact.

"Lady in a Maze," by H. Shirley Fowke, is based on George Meredith's novel *The Egoist*. Since I do not find Meredith's characters or plot especially entertaining I am sorry Miss Fowke ever bothered to work with them. The basic material in her play struck me as being foolish and only the most exceptionally sparkling dialogue could have made it amusing.

Three original comedies sent along this year suffer from the common fault of over-extension. The comic idea from which they spring is not rich enough for full-length treatment. Will Digby's "Sit Ye Doon" makes some good fun of the difficulties that can arise when a Glengarry boy meets a French-Canadian girl. Art Bradfield's "The Man Within" is a slight romance set in the area north of James Bay (that is the play's principal novelty), and S. G. Bett's "Haywire Holiday" exploits the well-tried formula of mistaken identities. None of these plays sustains the tension of good comedy.

The story of the Brontë sisters and their troubling brother Branwell is told once again in Hilda Mary Hooke's "Time of Grace." The play is neat and straightforward—and rather similar to others one has already read about these people. Its most serious fault perhaps is that it is rather too romantic in its approach and somehow conveys the disturbing impression that it offers hindsight rather than insight into the great qualities of the Brontës.

Phil. Stratford's translation of *Eurydice*, by Jean Anouilh, is to be recommended to any group willing to attempt a delicate and touching fantasy. There is perhaps no more difficult type of play to translate since the fragile charm of French fantasy is easily lost in English. Mr.

Anouilh's play in another translation and entitled "Legend of Lovers," was offered in New York this year. Miscast, it was not a success, but Mr. Stratford's workable translation, well presented, might be.

Canadians often complain that C.B.C. dramatic programmes are duller than they used to be. I wonder if this is not mainly a complaint about the limits of radio as a dramatic medium. Radio is no longer a novelty; its possibilities have been pretty thoroughly explored, and exploited. I do not argue that Canadian radio drama is better than ever. But most of last year's scripts—to judge by the samples sent in—were intelligent, competently written, and for one type of person or another, entertaining. The patterns and ideas were certainly familiar; none was particularly controversial, novel, or in any way outstanding. But is this the fault of the C.B.C.? I understand that it is the C.B.C.'s job to encourage good writing, as great a variety of it as possible, and to provide outlets for it. The rest is up to the writer. I cannot believe the C.B.C. stands opposed to works of exceptional originality. I do believe C.B.C. producers have done well to offer such a variety of radio drama as we have heard during the last decade in a country blessed with few writers (and very few good ones), and I assume that when a writer arrives one day with a masterpiece the C.B.C. will see to it at once that his work is heard. I also believe that even this good fortune won't satisfy the C.B.C.'s critics for long since, as I said, I suspect they are bored with radio drama. Perhaps the novelty of television will revive them. But it is obvious that most of the problems that beset producers in search of fresh material for radio will be multiplied in television. The challenge to the Canadian writer is tremendous.

The C.B.C.'s "Stage" series, which for several years has been its principal outlet for hour-long plays, offered only a few original scripts last year. Joseph Schull's comedy "Mrs. Hoagie's House" was lively and I imagine appealing to many listeners. It was filled with the sort of vigorous fun Mr. Schull handles very well. Len Peterson's "Don Juan in Toronto" was not up to his usual standard; nor was Ted Allen's "Coloured Buttons," the story of a father who never made good, which seemed to me sentimental and overwrought. Three scripts by Alan King, "Naked on a White Horse," "The Sand-Pit," and "The Way through the Wood," were smooth and neat, as his usually are. The last two were serious portraits of the "middle" man whose values, in middle age, are no longer adequate for the situations he must face. The treatment is sympathetic, even gentle, but the resolutions seem rather facile—a matter of well-turned phrases rather than of fully presented climaxes. (Mr. King also wrote a series of ghost stories last year. To judge from samples they were good stories, well told).

The middle-aged business man turned up again on the C.B.C.'s "Wednesday Night" series in George Salverson's "Two Worlds in One Act." The isolation of the self-made man who questions the price he has paid for success is expressed simply and effectively. In another series, written with the same simplicity, Mr. Salverson looked into the problems of convicts on their "Return Journey." The various approaches to rehabilitation are carefully documented and the human problems are vividly dramatized, without sentimentality or melodrama. Along with Len Peterson's well-established series "In Search of Ourselves" (dramatizing specific emotional problems which then are discussed by a specialist and by listener groups across the country) these scripts are, I think, examples of fine programming by the C.B.C. They are inherently interesting and show well how radio can be used effectively for educational purposes.

In a lighter mood, from Montreal Charles Wassermann's "Fiddle Joe's Yarns" series provided light and fantastic fun. The stories were based on French-Canadian folk-songs and tales. That sort of material has been used in one way or another for years but often self-consciously. In this case, on paper at least, it had a fresh spontaneous spirit.

In the past the "Vancouver Playhouse" and the "Prairie Playhouse" (from Winnipeg) series have presented some good half-hour scripts, usually by less known writers. Last year the standard seems to have been below average; perhaps the migration of radio talent towards Toronto and Montreal (the main production centres, for better or worse) has taken a serious toll. This has for some time been a problem for the C.B.C. No doubt when the television studios are in use in both Toronto and Montreal, and the demand for talent is thereby increased still further, the problem will become much more acute. In this, the first phase of our dramatic development, we must apparently accept centralization and its consequences.

SELECTED TITLES

PUBLISHED PLAY. COOPER (DOUGLAS), Widows learn fast: a farcical comedy in three acts (Toronto, Robinson Plays, 1950, 76 pp.).

PLAYS PRODUCED. BETT (S. G.), Haywire holiday (Allanburg, Ont., Niagara Barn Theatre). BRADFIELD (ARTHUR), The man within (Simcoe, Ont., Little Theatre). DIGBY (WILL), Sit ye doon: a Scottish-French comedy in two acts (London, Ont., Circle Theatre). FERGUSON (GRAHAM), Argus bank (Ottawa, Ottawa Drama League). FOWKE (H. SHIRLEY), Lady in a maze (Kingston, Ont., Queen's Summer Theatre). HOOKE (HILDA MARY), Time of grace (Kingston, Queen's Summer Theatre, 1950; London, Ont., Circle Theatre, 1951). MURRAY (DONALD), None so blind (St. Stephen, N.B., Anglin Players). ROOT (JUAN), The house I build (presented in British Columbia regional drama festival, Vancouver). SCHULL (JOSEPH), Shadow of a tree (London, Ont.,

London Little Theatre). STRATFORD (PHIL.) trans., Jean Anouilh, Eurydice (London., Ont., Circle Theatre).

PERIODICAL. THEATRE CANADA: revue spécialisée ès-art théâtral, publiée sous les auspices du Festival Dramatique National; a magazine of the theatre and allied arts, published under the auspices of the Dominion Drama Festival (vol. I, no. 1, Jan.-Feb., 1951); rédacteur-en-chef, EMILE LEGAULT, associate editor, HERBERT WHITTAKER; bilingual; 50c.; ceased publication with this number.

IV. SOCIAL STUDIES — F. H. UNDERHILL, H. A. INNIS, & OTHERS

In the absence of Professor A. Brady, who is on leave for the present session, Professors F. H. Underhill and H. A. Innis have divided the responsibility for this section. Professor Innis's most recent volume, *The Bias of Communication* (1951), is to be reviewed in a later issue of the QUARTERLY.

1. *History* — F. H. UNDERHILL AND OTHERS

In the field of Canadian history there appears to have been a lack of much scholarly writing of significance during the past year. But two volumes of documents deserve favourable notice. One is volume 13 of the series published by the Hudson's Bay Record Society. With a long editorial introduction by E. E. Rich, it prints the journals kept by Peter Skene Ogden in the Snake River country (roughly the area covered by the present state of Idaho) during the years 1824–6. The Company, foreseeing the time when it would have to retire from this part of the West, was trapping the area vigorously; and these journals record the expeditions made by Ogden and the difficulties with which he met. They are of rather special interest for experts in the history of the fur trade.

The second volume, a publication of the Champlain Society, is of much more general interest. It is the first of two volumes giving an English translation of the *Historia canadensis* originally published (in Latin) by the Jesuit father François du Creux in Paris in 1664. The translation has been made by Percy Robinson of Toronto who also writes an introduction, and there are editorial explanatory notes supplied by J. B. Conacher of the Department of History of the University of Toronto. Du Creux's work is a summary of the Jesuit Relations and covers the period from 1625 to 1658. It is full of the missionary enthusiasm of the Jesuits but, as the translator points out, not so good on the purely political aspects of the period. However, these pages make fascinating reading; and one can only say about them, as one has to say about a good many of the Champlain Society volumes, that it is a pity that material on Canadian history of such interest as this should

be published in such expensive form that it will never reach thousands of readers who would be delighted and stimulated by it.

The Canadian Pageant by G. J. Reeve and R. O. MacFarlane is another school history text-book, written on the commendable principle that it is desirable to give school and the general public a fuller knowledge of the period since Confederation than of the earlier years. It appears to be generally well done, and is specially good on the economic basis of Canadian development. But the authors, who start by expressing strong disapproval of those persons who defend Canadian shortcomings by explaining that we are a young people, find themselves near the end of their book explaining the lack of distinctive national characteristics in our literature by this same time-honoured remark that we are a young people.

Democracy in the Canadas, 1759–1867 by D. Hugh Gillis is a little book developed from a Ph.D. thesis written under the direction of the late Professor Harold Laski in the University of London. It tells the story of the political evolution of these years competently, but it does not seem to have any new information or any new insight. A certain fondness for abstract phrases is perhaps a sign of the Laski influence. That a work of this kind should be considered worthy of the Ph.D. in London leads one to some disquieting reflections on the standards of historical scholarship in that great university.

The Ardent Exile by Josephine Phelan is a very readable biography of D'Arcy McGee. It does not take the place of what Miss Phelan admits in her bibliography to be the definitive biography of McGee, the life published in 1925 by Isabel Skelton. But it gives a bright and lively account of McGee as a Young Irelander and as a maker of Confederation, and it is very skilful in weaving the Young Ireland and the Confederation background into McGee's personal story. In fact the book is so lively and makes such good use of the histories and biographies on the period that it should be enthusiastically recommended to the mean sensual Canadian who finds the Confederation story dull and stodgy. Miss Phelan quotes some of McGee's poetry, though she remarks that he wrote poetry as an untrained person of natural musical ability plays the piano—in my opinion, a rather charitable remark about McGee's poetic efforts. It is a pity that she does not quote more from his later speeches; for, while large chunks of these were rhetorical in the worst Victorian style, other parts are lit up by McGee's delightful wit.

The study of the life of the late Sir Edward Beatty by D. H. Miller-Barstow is a rather peculiar book. The author didn't have the benefit of private letters or diaries to enable him to get inside Beatty's

mind, or of confidential records of board and committee meetings which would show the railway magnate in the process of making the decisions on which the successful running of the C.P.R. depended. At times he is inclined to pay homage to Beatty because of the sheer largeness of his responsibilities. At other times his pages crackle with shrewd and unkind remarks: "He had a fine house of his own, though it had too much in common with a Canadian Pacific hotel to suit most tastes." "He covered up his cultural ignorance with a somewhat boorish bluster." "A full and active business life can never be completely satisfying. The price is usually emotional and cultural atrophy." These sentences are all in the first ten pages. And later there is the remark, "in railway affairs as in sport, he was prepared to learn from no one."

The significance of Sir Edward Beatty's career is that by the time he became head of the C.P.R. a man in his position had to be a democratic statesman as well as a competent technical railway manager. He had to represent his company before a critical parliament and a somewhat hostile Canadian public. Beatty's career might be made the starting point for an interesting investigation as to how far big business leaders in Canada in the 1920's and 1930's fulfilled these new responsibilities. But this book hardly does that. It was to Sir Edward's credit that he did not leave his "public relations" to the slick advertising boys, but this study shows that he was a bad failure in his public role. He lectured the Canadian people on their duties to the C.P.R. as from a superior height. His speeches had the same deadly quality of heavy monotonous tastelessness as had the meals in his C.P.R. hotels and dining-cars. His incursions into the field of education showed his sincerity but also his almost complete lack of understanding of what higher education is about. Some day Canadian sociologists will set themselves to investigate how such men came to be turned out from the economics departments of Canadian universities at the turn of the century.

The Establishment of Canadian Diplomatic Status at Washington by John S. Galbraith is a doctoral thesis written for the University of California. It covers a good deal of the ground already covered by Gordon Skilling's book, *Canadian Representation Abroad* (1945), a book to which it refers in its bibliography as "a useful book on the creation and enlargement of the Canadian diplomatic establishment." It goes back to Confederation to make its story complete, and on the whole it conveys rather more of the political flavour surrounding Canadian-American diplomatic relations than did Skilling's book. It quotes freely from the letters and memoranda of Canadian statesmen;

it is interesting to read (this is high praise for any Ph.D. thesis), and is generally a very satisfactory piece of work.

Two more volumes which are not strictly historical may be mentioned at this point. Professor T. F. McIlwraith has contributed this review of *Totem Poles* by Marius Barbeau.

"It was in 1915 that Marius Barbeau, making his first ethnological expedition to British Columbia, saw his first totem poles. He was tremendously impressed. Unlike many of his contemporaries he felt that they were real works of art; the fact that their style and technique was so different to anything in Europe was, to him, a challenge in understanding and in interpretation. He learned that these memorials played a vital part in the social and mythological life of the people. The development of the totem pole marked the period when European tools served to stimulate native crafts without destroying them; the decline of the totem pole marked the decline of native culture. They served as landmarks of European influence.

"The core of this book, representing research between 1915 and 1947, is the description of hundreds of totem poles, with identification of the figures depicted, and with the myth explaining the significance of the figures. This is an amazing piece of work and one which can never be repeated, since many of the data were collected from informants now dead. In the first volume, Mr. Barbeau has arranged the poles according to their depiction of figures and incidents in a number of widespread myths; in the second he follows a tribal distribution, omitting the poles previously considered. The reviewer found this approach confusing, especially in view of the fact that almost every pole has a number of figures. Mr. Barbeau sees the poles through the eyes of their makers and to him their depiction of the events of reputed tribal history outweighs all other considerations.

"Apart from the descriptions of the poles themselves, there is a section on the age of the totemic art in which the author reasserts his belief in its development in post-European times. In support, he quotes extensively from early writers, stressing their scanty reference to other than house-posts, and gives evidence of early Russian influence, the probable source of the double-headed eagle motif. There are descriptions of the carving and erection of totem poles and incidents concerning the sale, removal, and present location of many of them.

"The amount of information included is, indeed, tremendous. But the combination of detail and of generalization makes it difficult to follow. Perhaps the writing, like the collecting of data, was done at

different times. There are over five hundred illustrations of totem poles, but it is not easy to correlate photograph and description; in fact, there are photographs without descriptions and *vice versa*. Furthermore, the omission of an index is unusual in a book of this kind.

"*Totem Poles* does not fall within any accepted category of science, art, or history. It is a combination of all three, and a catalogue of a striking phase of Canadian Indian life that has passed away. Perhaps it may best be summarized in Barbeau's own dedication: 'Let this book be a memorial to the native artists of the north Pacific Coast! Their genius has produced monumental works of art on a par with the most original the world has ever known. They belong one and all to our continent and our time, and have shown how creative power may thrive in remote places. Independent of our great moderns, from Turner to Gauguin, Van Gogh, and Cézanne, they were nevertheless their contemporaries.' It is also a memorial to the author who, fortunately, is still alive to receive it and who, perhaps, of modern Canadian authors best deserves the term, *savant*."

Professor J. M. Dales of McGill University has prepared the following review of Dr. F. G. Roe's *The North American Buffalo: A Critical Study of the Species in Its Wild State*.

"It is an unusual book informed by the author's wide knowledge, and constructed with careful scholarship and painstaking eye for detail, but it is not, nor is it intended to be, a 'definitive' work. Utilizing historical material—and in method being a paragon of historical inference in the collection of evidence, including the evidence of silence, its assessment in terms of quantity and quality, and its constant subjection to the tests of probability and logic—it is nevertheless non-historical in purpose and organization. Topics range from 'The Climate and Topography of the Buffalo Habitat' to 'Buffalo, Indian, and Legislation,' but the book is nevertheless narrow in scope, for Indians and snowfalls alike are discussed only in order to cast more light on the habits of the buffalo.

"The author sets himself the task of testing, by recourse to historical evidence, facile generalizations about the buffalo which, under the influence of journalists, have become part of the folklore surrounding the beast, and which, more seriously, under the auspices of distinguished zoologists and naturalists, have become part of the accepted scientific knowledge of the subject. He finds that most of these generalizations—especially those that postulate regular buffalo migrations and that find in buffalo trails the origin of the later transportation routes of the continent—have little or no basis in historical fact, and

by intimation he warns his reviewers not to write any twaddle about previous conclusions on these matters 'remaining broadly unimpaired.' The author does not presume to quarrel with the scientists about their own specialties, but does show that their *ex cathedra* historical statements have merely perpetuated error. Incidentally, while discussing the extermination of the species, the author effectively corrects the anti-Indian bias (and also, in the case of the Red River Hunt, the less obvious anti-Métis bias) which pervades American buffalo literature and which, unfortunately, is not unknown in Canadian writings on the subject.

"The book clears the ground for future students. Especially in the inter-relationship of Buffalo and Indian, modern research has been 'in constant danger of being vitiated by the circumstances that the political or social historian, or even (in some phases) the anthropological or ethnological student, is compelled in matters affecting the buffalo to rely upon the "authoritative" *dicta* of [Hornaday's] obsolete monograph' (p. 642). More general writers no longer have any excuse for writing a sloppy sentence about the North American buffalo. For these gains we are indebted to Dr. Roe."

2. *Economics and Political Science* H. A. Innis and Others

In the field of social studies, several publications of this year have been bulky compendia issued under government auspices. Dr. O. J. Firestone in *Residential Real Estate in Canada* has brought together an impressive body of statistical material relating to housing built up chiefly during the period of operation of the Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation. It is primarily a source book and no attempt is made to discuss the broad economic, political, and sociological implications of the subject. Lack of analysis is of course a result of preparation under government auspices, but it does seem a pity that great bulk should be a required feature of government publications and that the student who is expected to make an analysis must begin by the elimination of large amounts of relatively inconsequential material. Almost the same comment might be made regarding the *History of the Department of Munitions and Supply* by J. de N. Kennedy, published in two volumes in 1950, but not included in "Letters in Canada" for April, 1951.

Taxation in Canada by J. Harvey Perry, an officer of the Department of Finance, is a systematic account of the Canadian tax structure chiefly in the federal field. Professor R. M. Clark of the University of British Columbia writes as follows: "Mr. Perry summarizes the essential features of federal, provincial and municipal taxation in

Canada, describes the procedures by which tax laws are enacted, and considers in an interesting way some of the problems of tax administration, all within the scant space of 350 pages. Inevitably many questions are left unanswered and no answer is given to the question: Is it reasonable that a particular tax should be levied?"

Criticism of another character must be directed toward *The Modern World* by R. A. MacKay and S. A. Saunders. The book is a third edition; the first edition appeared in 1935 and the second in 1937. The additions reflecting the changes incidental to the Second World War make it almost a new book. Professor H. A. Logan of the University of Toronto prepared the following review.

"The book is intended to serve as 'a primer in the larger citizenship of the twentieth century,' for young Canadians about to leave secondary schools, but will claim a more mature and more sophisticated level of readers. Contrasts in imperialism, new and old, power play among the nations, the moves toward international government after the two world wars, the problems of the Security Council of the United Nations and of enforcement action under the charter, and the discussion of the world economy since 1913, all suggest a mature interest.

"The early chapters on technological discoveries are well done as neat reviews of progress, but their relationship to citizenship and to present economic and political institutions is not well established; one expects a discussion of the tremendous potential of radio and television for capturing the minds of whole peoples. The authors also have yielded too much to the presentation of a distant past; in the discussion of industry and labour, for instance, the portrayal of medieval institutions crowds into seven words the whole story of compulsory collective bargaining which, since the passing of the Wagner Act by Congress in 1935, has been a storm centre of interest all over the continent. There is too much reference to Great Britain in the mid-twentieth century world. Moreover an illuminating description of 'cradle to the grave' security is marred somewhat by unqualified statements such as: 'Great Britain was the pioneer in providing protective and social security legislation.'

"Economic instability is studied as an international phenomenon. The depression of the 1930's, according to Dr. Saunders, was in part a result of American diversion of lending from foreign countries to the domestic stock market beginning in the fall of 1928; the drop, thereafter, in the prices of exports from her debtor countries; the abandonment of the gold standard by many nations and depreciation of their currencies and the Hawley-Smoot tariff—the highest ever—in

1930. Contributing to the general weakness was the lack of appreciation of trading among the nations and, beginning in 1933, the complete breakdown of co-operation.

"Dr. MacKay reviews the veto right, provided in the charter of the United Nations, and the device to circumvent it invented in 1947 after its alleged misuse by Russia (pp. 429–30; 443–5). This device, born of desperation, suggests the fragile quality of constitutions, where powerful minorities refuse to yield to the majority will. One will also note his description of the concept of national and international responsibility toward the peoples of dependent areas advancing through mandates under the League of Nations to the trusteeship system under the United Nations whereby members of the latter who have assumed direction over trustee territories must accept supervision by a committee of the General Assembly (pp. 433–7); also the account of the post-war British Commonwealth, especially the influence of the new Asian members: Pakistan, the largest and potentially the most powerful state in the Moslem world; India by reason of its size and the quality of its leaders becoming 'almost unwillingly the spokesman of Asia in dealing with the West'; the two with Ceylon outnumbering in population the other Commonwealth nations by almost six to one. The Commonwealth therefore must 'concern itself more with Asian matters than heretofore if it is to survive' and it may become 'a most useful means of bridging the frightening gap between the new Asia and the West' (pp. 503–4). Finally, the free peoples of the world in the future must do their utmost to promote the kind of world order that they want, and be prepared to defend it by force of arms. For members of the Commonwealth, this means taking more responsibility than was their habit before the war as inactive members of the League of Nations. Isolationism is unreal and the hope of the world rests in the ability to advance further from 'international anarchy' on the road toward world government. But 'the best, and perhaps the only hope of establishing peace on lasting foundations' rests upon the continued co-operation of the United States and the Commonwealth."

Dr. R. A. MacKay is a senior officer in the Department of External Affairs and it is rather surprising for a government official to be suggesting the lines which should be followed in foreign policy, in a text-book to be used in secondary schools. The danger of these totalitarian tendencies becomes more ominous since their impropriety has apparently never been entertained. We shall probably not recover from the effects of the Second World War in its destruction of the principle of anonymity in the civil service.

It is with a feeling of some satisfaction that one turns to works which have been produced by those not associated with governments. Professor G. A. Elliott has written the following note on *World Trade and Investment: The Economics of Interdependence* by D. B. Marsh.

"When international alliances are being solidified, and when governments assume responsibility (it may be willy-nilly) for the detailed regulation of international trade, almost any substantial adjustment to changing circumstances may assume military or political significance and become, dramatically, a crisis. It is not surprising, therefore, that a great many books on international trade have appeared recently. This well-written and substantial volume, with a graceful foreword by Professor Howard S. Ellis of the University of California, includes an introductory survey of the structure and techniques of pre-war international trade and investment, followed by a reasonably advanced exposition of the theory of international trade. Interesting, though not always completely successful, innovations in the section on theory include an original (and long) analysis of the relation of international trade to national income, the discussion of the substitution and income effects of price changes, and the treatment of monopolistic competition. The third and final book of the volume describes sympathetically recent attempts to harmonize national sovereignty with international co-operation in economic matters. The volume is intended primarily as a university text, but it will be instructive and useful to a wider audience as well, especially the last book which includes an exceptionally clear description and an interesting evaluation of many international institutions, arrangements, and agreements recently established or currently projected: the World Bank, Marshall Aid, the European Payments Union, the General Agreement on Trade and Tariffs, the International Trade Organization, and others. It is not a book on Canadian International Trade but the references to Canada are, perhaps, as numerous as is warranted by her important and peculiar position in international trade and investment."

In political science the volume by Principal Frank MacKinnon on *The Government of Prince Edward Island* throws light on a neglected subject. The following note is by Mr. K. D. McRae of the University of Toronto.

"The study has two parts: the first describes the constitutional development of the Island to Confederation; the second, somewhat longer, analyses the political institutions of the province and its relations with the federal government. The size of the present population is a most inadequate index to the complexity of the Island's constitutional history. In many respects the issues that arose mirrored those

of the other colonies of British North America, but they were enacted on a smaller stage by actors of lesser fame. The chief contrast lay in the system of land tenure. The weaknesses of the proprietary type of colony, where the land was vested in absentee owners, were never better illustrated than in Prince Edward Island. As was inevitable in a society predominantly agricultural, the struggle for land reform 'was a major theme of every chapter in the Island's history' (p. 105). Of the lands alienated by the royal grant of 1767, the last estate was purchased by the province with Dominion aid in 1895.

"However, the present size of the community and the corresponding scale of government activities impose certain limiting factors on Island politics, some of which give rise to situations faintly suggestive of comic opera. When a party has a narrow majority in the thirty-member Assembly, the provincial Cabinet of nine may constitute a majority of the members on the Government side of the House. At the other extreme the party may be practically identical with the House. After the election of 1935 *all* the members of the Assembly were Liberals; the result was that an unofficial opposition gradually developed from within the party. The provincial civil service, which in recent years has totalled approximately 300 persons, is divided into eight departments, each small enough to be supervised personally by the minister concerned. Under such conditions, parliamentary government may be difficult to maintain. The more precise relationships designed for a larger political unit give way to a careless informality, and the outlines of cabinet government as practised elsewhere become confused and indistinct. There seems a persistent tendency for the rule of law to be displaced by neighbourly discussion.

"Essentially, the author has described certain local situations, analysed them in the light of general political principles, and rescued a large volume of interesting information from an obscurity impenetrable to all but the specialist."

Professor C. B. Macpherson of the University of Toronto has written the following note on other volumes in political science.

"The revised edition of Professor J. A. Corry's *Democratic Government and Politics* (first published in 1946) may well be regarded as a significant contribution to Canadian writing in 1951. For the revision consists not of bringing up to date a description of government in Britain, the United States, and Canada—the first edition was far from being a mere descriptive study of these—but in exploring more fully, in several new chapters, the relation of democratic belief to democratic practice. The essentials of the democratic creed are brought out by contrast with Nazi and Communist doctrines; in this difficult

terrain Professor Corry will command respect for having avoided most of the pitfalls of simplification. The source of the crucial problems of modern democratic governments is found in the demands which the democratic creed makes of governments. The thesis is that 'a great deal of the dissatisfaction with political parties and with democracy arises from a failure to understand the difficulty of what is being attempted' (p. 83).

"The fact that the liberal state and the democratic state are not identical either in logic or in history is given first importance. We inherited, from the undemocratic liberal state, devices for restraining governments from abuse of power; we have had to create our own mechanisms for eliciting and transmitting to government the positive will of the people. The problem has been to maintain the restraints while providing effective instruments for transmitting the popular will. It is this approach which unifies and gives meaning to the comparative study of the three forms of liberal-democratic government with which most of the book is concerned. Practice is assessed in the light of theory, and theory in the light of practice; the whole work thus avoids the stultifying extremes to which introductions either to political science or to comparative government are apt to be taken, and emerges as an exceedingly able statement of the case for and the problem of liberal democracy.

"Of the considerable output of books on Canadian government over the last few years none has been devoted to local government. This omission is now repaired by Dr. Horace L. Brittain's *Local Government in Canada*, the fruit of his many years of observation and specific research as the former director of the Bureau of Municipal Research of Toronto and the Citizens' Research Institute of Canada. The main task was necessarily descriptive, and it is no small service to the understanding of a neglected area of government to have brought together for the first time in a comprehensive view the main features of municipal organization throughout Canada. Description of the system in each province is wisely relegated to three substantial appendices; the main body of the volume, after an historical introduction designed to show the sources of present problems, deals with such aspects as provincial control and supervision of local bodies, municipal departmentalization and administration, municipal finance, and community planning. In all of these chapters there is not only description but critical analysis; Dr. Brittain has fortunately not concealed his own views. The final chapter, on weaknesses and problems, with its significant distinction between problems of democratic control and technical problems, is the most outspoken and the most stimu-

lating. By laying a solid groundwork and opening up lines of further investigation, Dr. Brittain's book has made a substantial contribution to the study of Canadian government.

"Bernard L. Cohen's *The Case for Conservatism,* which might better have been called a case for private business, does little to advantage its client. The author, a Montreal business man and lawyer, has no use either for academic or for Marxian economics, and conveys the impression that he understands neither. All the old straw men are in evidence. The book is remarkable only for its sustained shallowness."

In sociology, Jean Burnet's *Next-Year Country: A Study of Rural Social Organization in Alberta,* one of the volumes of the series on Social Credit, is the outstanding work of the year. It is a study of the town of Hanna, of—in the words of the general editor of the series, Professor S. D. Clark—"a community lacking a solid foundation on which to erect a stable social organization" and hence of "what factors operated in the life of the local community to provide favourable ground" for the development of Social Credit. While it is a detailed study of a small community in a limited period of time, it will always serve as a benchmark in the literature of rural sociology particularly in Western Canada.[1]

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[1]Several volumes related to sociology are reviewed by Mr. Careless at the conclusion of subsection 4 of section V.

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V. BIOGRAPHICAL, CRITICAL, AND OTHER WRITINGS — THE EDITOR AND OTHERS

1. *Biography, Autobiography, and Reminiscence* — THE EDITOR

Of the biographies published in 1951, *The Ardent Exile: The Life and Times of Thos. D'Arcy McGee* by Josephine Phelan and *Beatty of the C.P.R.* by D. H. Miller-Barstow have been included among the historical works which Mr. Underhill has discussed in the preceding section, and two others, *Alfred Gandier* by John Dow and *Pioneer in Purple* by John Boyle, are reviewed by Mr. McCullough among the books on religion in subsection 3, below. Another volume, also by John Boyle, *The Poor Man's Prayer: The Story of Credit Union Beginnings,* combines features of a biography, a novel, and a chapter from the economic history of Canada, but, unfortunately not the most impressive features of any of them. It is a partly fictional biography of Alphonse Desjardins, a minor civil servant of fifty years ago who taught the poor how to help themselves, and with the active encouragement of influential admirers, from the local priests in Lévis to the Governor-General of that time, Earl Grey, established the first credit unions on this continent.

Of the autobiographical books, the one that I found the most absorbing was *A Doctor's Pilgrimage* by Edmund A. Brasset, to whom, incidentally, *The Poor Man's Prayer* was dedicated. The story begins toward the end of the author's medical training at Dalhousie when all the students wanted to be specialists and his own ambition was to be a brain surgeon in a great city hospital. Instead, he found himself during the depths of the depression in the impoverished and isolated fishing town of Canso, the only doctor for the four thousand people in the area, getting more medical and surgical experience than another man might have in a lifetime but next to no cash income. Debt and marriage drove him to try his luck in New Waterford where he managed to get on the payroll of the mine, thanks to Bad Chris, a street-corner tough, and some of his gang who "persuaded" enough

miners to transfer their medical payments to the new doctor. After a spell on the staff of a mental hospital in Halifax, some graduate training in New York, and idyllic years in the comfortable and prosperous Evangeline country, his long-desired chance came to join the neurosurgical staff of a great hospital (city unspecified), an efficient but frighteningly impersonal processing plant for medical and surgical cases, from which he was glad to return to the human relationships of private practice. In this autobiography the author concentrates his attention and ours not on himself but on others, mostly his patients, in all their unpredictable variety as cases and as human beings. "No town looks the same to a doctor as it does to other people," he remarks; some of that view he is able to share with his readers. The story is told vividly and humorously, and with no heroics. I thought it thoroughly enjoyable.

Mr. McCullough also comments in subsection 3 on a religious autobiography by Karl Stern, *The Pillar of Fire*.

Two other volumes of autobiography or reminiscence, both domestic comedies of a sort and both written by women, may be considered together: *I Married an Artist* by Billy Button and *The Salt-Box* by Jan Hilliard. Miss Button, whose announced theme is that she married and has continued to live with Mr. A. A. Macdonald, A.R.C.A., localizes her scene and talks about her friends by name; the friends are mostly Toronto artists and her scenes are as definite as a certain house on Grenville Street, the art department at Simpson's, and the old mill in the suburbs which the Macdonalds converted into a house. Miss Hilliard's persons and places are more remote and generalized: she records the chiefly ludicrous memories of her girlhood in a dilapidated salt-box house near some village in Nova Scotia. Both women capitalize merrily on the eccentricities of their fathers. Miss Button enlivens her domestic history with descriptions of the "buffoonery," as she terms it, of her parent; Miss Hilliard's sire was a simple-minded remittance man who periodically disappeared from the scene to go in search of gold in British Columbia or some other remote region, leaving his three daughters to the ministrations of his equally harebrained but non-migratory sister, Aunt Belle. Both books are entertaining in their way, but some readers may be most interested in the question of how they came to be written, by what urge for self-advertisement or to cash in on the market for zany families.

By contrast, Jessie Browne Raber's memoirs in *Pioneering in Alberta* are of a serious-minded family that emigrated from an English farm in 1895, when the author, the oldest of the children, was ten years of age. Her parents had their share of hardship and misfortune in the

new land, but Mrs. Raber usually shows us pioneer life not as it must have seemed to them but as it appeared to a young girl who was enjoying every new experience.

I suppose that *Cottage Cheese by* John D. Robins may also be included among works of reminiscence, though he assures us that "all the characters in this book are fictitious, except the Bedfords, the Narrator, and some of the Fish." I am sure I know that very cottage and island, the same infernal ice-house, and even that pine root across the path which you never remembered until you had stumbled over it for the twentieth time. Or it may be that there are thousands of summer cottages just like the Bedfords' all across Canada, and we have all gone north for that wonderful week in the wilds, laden down with *Crime and Punishment, The Excursion,* and half a dozen other solid works we have always intended to read, and before we knew it we were tucking our dirty clothes around the books which had never been unpacked and the holiday was over. It was a representative and not very exciting holiday, but pleasant to remember. The most stimulating days—too stimulating in the Narrator's opinion—were after the arrival of that pest Gwen to reinforce the other member of the unfair sex.

CHECK-LIST OF TITLES

Arsenault (A. E.), Memoirs (Charlottetown, P.E.I., the author, 139 Upper Prince St., iv, 188 pp., $1). Boyle (George), The poor man's prayer: the story of credit union beginnings (New York, Harper; Toronto, Musson, xii, 207 pp., $3.50). Brasset (Edmund A.), A doctor's pilgrimage (Philadelphia and New York, Lippincott; Toronto, Longmans Green, 256 pp., $4). Button (Billy), I married an artist (Toronto, Ryerson, viii, 239 pp., $3.75). Elliott (W. E.), Politics is funny (Toronto, Britannia Printers, 128 pp., $2). Hilliard (Jan), The salt-box (New York, Norton; Toronto, McLeod, 212 pp., $4). McNeill (William Everett), Wallace of Queen's (Kingston, Queen's University, 12 pp.). Raber (Jessie Browne), Pioneering in Alberta (New York, Exposition Press, 171 pp., $3). Robins (John D.), Cottage cheese (Toronto, Collins, viii, 232 pp., $3).

2. *Literary and Critical Studies* THE EDITOR AND OTHERS

For reviews of nine of the twelve volumes noticed in this subsection, the Editor is indebted to six contributors. Two additional books that belong in this division, *The Poetry of Ezra Pound* by Hugh Kenner and *From Puritanism to the Age of Reason* by G. R. Cragg are to be reviewed in a later number of the Quarterly. The following paragraph on G. I. Duthie's *Shakespeare* is by Professor H. S. Wilson; the two subsequent reviews, of Kenneth P. Kirkwood's *Maud: An Essay on Tennyson's Poem* and W. L. MacDonald's *Pope and His Critics* are by Professor F. E. L. Priestley.

Professor Duthie of McGill University, whose distinguished contributions to the textual study of *Hamlet, Lear,* and *Romeo and Juliet* are well known, has provided in the present volume a general study of Shakespeare, addressed primarily to the non-specialist, the value of which lies particularly in its well-informed and judicious consideration of the present state of Shakespeare criticism and of such fundamental critical issues as the role of psychological realism in the plays, of dramatic convention, of the Renaissance conception of an ordered world which shapes their thought. The author devotes most attention to the ideas of moral, political, and religious order implicit in Shakespeare's plots, his treatment of character, his imagery, and shows how the same values are pervasive not simply in the world of the histories and tragedies but also in the range of comedies from *The Taming of the Shrew, As You Like It,* and *Twelfth Night* to the final achievement of *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*. Mr. Duthie's book thus offers a welcome and unexceptionable simplification, amid the conflicting and often paradoxical claims of rival groups among current interpreters of Shakespeare, of the central and unifying value in Shakespeare's plays, set forth with a plain directness for which the general reader may well feel grateful.

There is a strong tendency on this continent for literary criticism to be restricted to professionals, a tendency which has its unhealthy aspects. It is accordingly an event to be welcomed when a Canadian whose ordinary professional concerns are not with literature is impelled to write a work on poetry. Kenneth P. Kirkwood's *Maud: An Essay on Tennyson's Poem* provides such an event. The essay, the author tells us, has been gestating almost ever since he was a schoolboy; the original draft was written in Holland in 1939, lost in the German invasion, returned as a carbon copy from occupied Holland to the author in Greenland by the Dutch girl who originally typed it, accompanied the author to his varied diplomatic posts during the next nine or ten years, and now, revised and enlarged, finally fulfils itself in print.

After a brief introduction setting out the circumstances of composition of *Maud*, its main theme, and its reception by the Victorian critics and public, Mr. Kirkwood's essay takes essentially the form of running commentary, supplying an ample background of biographical and historical information to illuminate allusions in the poem or to clarify attitudes, and pointing up with genuine understanding the power and craftsmanship of the poetry. The last section takes up the comparison with *Hamlet* suggested by Tennyson himself, and by considering the comparison in some detail, and with a judicious sense of

proportion, contributes an interesting and shrewd comment on the poem as a whole.

The essay contains a few slips of the sort which a professional would be careful to avoid; these are of minor importance when set against the author's well-balanced yet sensitive appreciation.

In *Pope and His Critics,* Professor W. L. MacDonald follows the course of Pope criticism throughout the poet's lifetime, and after to the publication of Warton's edition of his works; the last three chapters discuss the views of Pope's poetry put forward by Johnson, Ruffhead, and Warton. The plan of the greater part of Dr. MacDonald's book is simply chronological; he deals with poems or groups of poems as they appear, and relates the criticism very closely to biography, arguing, in fact, that until 1750 the critics were motivated by their personal relations to the poet rather than by more purely aesthetic judgments of his poetry.

The avowed intention of the work is to investigate "how far personalities have entered into the criticism of the great Augustan, and with what effect on the critical judgment." This is a difficult and subtle sort of investigation to undertake, and properly involves a careful comparison of the whole of each critic's work to determine what his general critical principles are, and how far he allows personal considerations to modify them in his treatment of Pope. Dr. MacDonald confines his consideration to works directly concerned with Pope; he ignores such works as Dennis's *The Advancement and Reformation of Modern Poetry* and Gildon's *The Complete Art of Poetry*; in his discussion of pastorals, he offers an able defence of Philips, but does not bring out the clear-cut theory expressed in Pope's *Discourse on Pastoral Poetry* to show the conflicts between current views of the nature of pastoral.

In the main treatment Dr. MacDonald fails, then, to attack the problem he sets himself, and confines himself chiefly to the biographical, with only occasional excursions into the larger area of eighteenth-century criticism. Most of his biographical material is of course not new, but he has used primary sources, and often calls attention to fresh points in the critical documents he examines. If he has not written as ambitious a book as one would like to see, he has at the very least brought together in a usable and attractive form a most important body of biography and criticism.

Professor Robert Finch has contributed the following review of *T. S. Eliot et la France* by Edward J. H. Greene.

This book is probably the most fundamental contribution yet made to Eliot literature. In the first place it examines clearly, impartially,

and most readably a subject which has, for a surprisingly long time considering the quantity of writing on Eliot, cried out for adequate treatment. *Eliot et ses maîtres français* would have seemed, somehow, a more appropriate title, but this is of small moment. What matters is that the whole vexed and exciting question of Eliot's indebtedness to French writers is here at last thoroughly and skilfully dealt with, and although the author disclaims an attempt at exhaustive treatment, it is obvious that any subsequent survey will have to build on his foundation.

The first two-thirds of the book, a detailed examination of the influence, upon Eliot the poet, of such poets as Rimbaud, Tailhade, Corbière, Gautier, Baudelaire, and Mallarmé, reaches the conclusion that Eliot's debt to these is above all a technical one, involving the assimilation and transformation of new poetic manners and their eventual fusion into a newer manner still. The remainder of the volume evaluates the influence, upon Eliot the critic, of critics such as Baudelaire, de Gourmont, Benda, Maurras, and Maritain and analyses Eliot's progressive realization of new critical principles and a new method of criticism, not imitated from but expanding and perfecting theirs.

An excellent bibliography, good print, and the simple dignified format of the "Etudes de Littérature Etrangère et Comparée" series are additional features. Altogether the Humanities Research Council of Canada is to be congratulated on its share in making this important work available, for not only does it throw new light on Eliot (whose co-operation the author enjoyed) and on modern poetry in general, but for Eliot readers and critics of whatever persuasion or experience it furnishes a henceforth indispensable guide.

For the following notice of *Torquato Tasso: Studien zur Vorgeschichte des Secentismo* by Ulrich Leo, I am indebted to Professor J. E. Shaw.

This book is less an historical or critical description of the famous works of Tasso than a documented account of his poetical development, derived from a detailed study of his modes of expression in the different kinds of his writing: private letters, secular poems, and religious poetry. The result is an explanation of the mystery that still clings to the poet, such as has not been hitherto achieved.

Tasso was never insane, but he was dominated by fear, of life and his fellow men. This fear is unconsciously expressed in the tormented syntax of his letters, but in his secular poetry, and notably in the *Gerusalemme Liberata,* that same apprehensiveness finds expression in gloriously awesome and terrifying imaginations in the presence of

which his spirit shudders happily. What in practical life was fear, anxiety, restless apprehensiveness, became, in the poet's aesthetic life, wonder, awe, delicious trepidation, and the attempt to convey all the nuances of these emotions—in agreement with the rhetorical theories of his time—produced a style which foreshadowed the ornate manner popular in the following century, without actually becoming what is called *secentismo.*

The anxiety-ridden man of everyday life and the trepidating poet free from anxiety were too different persons, but the author of the religious writings, especially *Il Mondo Creato,* with its simple, monumental style, is a single poet and man, with his fears and longings stilled in the wonder of God and the grandeur of faith. In this way that comparatively neglected poem acquires a new and remarkable significance as the final synthesis of the poet's emotions.

An original work like this may be a target for criticism, but it is an important event in the history of the study of Tasso.

Of Joseph Owens' book on *The Doctrine of Being in the Aristotelian Metaphysics* Dr. Emil Fackenheim says:

This work is a fresh examination of the central problem of the *Metaphysics,* made necessary, in the author's opinion, by two failings in much of the literature on the subject.

Modern scholarship commonly interprets Aristotle in modern terms, charges Father Owens. He himself seeks to follow Trendelenburg's maxim: *Aristoteles ex Aristotele.* Aristotle must be understood in the terms which he himself furnishes, and only a painstaking study of both the form and the content of the text can furnish such an understanding. In the second place, since Jaeger's brilliant construction of the genesis of the *Metaphysics,* there has been a tendency among scholars to ignore its possible systematic unity. Father Owens argues that, whatever their chronological order, the treatises of the *Metaphysics* have a methodical order as well; this methodical order is revealed by the form and content of the text itself, whereas any theory as to chronological order is a matter of construction.

The chief question puzzling the interpreter is (pp. 10–11): does "being *qua* being" mean "Being par excellence," the highest Being, or does it mean the *ens commune,* a universal abstract characteristic? Father Owens' answer is (p. 298): "The philosophy is a science of *pros hen* equivocals, and so studies the nature of the primary instance, which is expressed in all the others. The primary instance of . . . Being *qua* Being . . . is . . . separate Entity." The work is amply documented. Its clear arrangement and excellent index should make it valuable to the philosophical non-specialist as well as the specialist.

The following paragraph, on *Inquiring Spirit,* is by Professor F. E. L. Priestley; the next one, on two volumes of selections from Hume, is by Professor T. A. Goudge.

In *Inquiring Spirit,* Professor Kathleen Coburn presents an anthology of extracts from Coleridge's prose writings, drawn partly from works not yet published (including the notebooks which Miss Coburn is engaged in editing) and partly from published works not generally or easily available. The passages range in length from single sentences to full pamphlets, and in subject from the suggestion that snuff is perhaps the final cause of the human nose to a full and earnest discussion of child labour. Miss Coburn has grouped her extracts into ten divisions: psychology, education, language, logic and philosophy, literary criticism, the other fine arts, science, contemporaries, society, religion; these groupings are useful without being permitted to become too rigid; they keep the reader aware of both main aspects of Coleridge's thought, its reach towards system, and its ubiquitous range and questing energy. A consecutive reading of the book puts the reader in possession of a good part of Coleridge's doctrines; the collection can serve just as admirably as an anthology, to be opened at random, to be dipped into here and there, to be re-read in favourite spots: there is much here for every taste, a wealth of sensitive description, witty comment, penetrating observation, and shrewd, suggestive analysis. Miss Coburn's editing is deliberately unobtrusive; the notes record the source of each extract, and show collation of manuscript and published version where necessary, but are otherwise limited to very brief explanations of allusions. The general introduction and the short introductions to each division are similarly compact and restrained.

Two volumes in the series of Nelson Philosophical Texts, being prepared under the general editorship of Dr. Raymond Klibansky of McGill University, have been published during 1951. Both volumes are devoted to selections from the works of Hume. *Hume: Theory of Politics,* edited by Professor F. M. Watkins of McGill, brings together in a compact form material from *A Treatise of Human Nature* and from *Essays, Moral, Political and Literary.* The other volume, *Hume: Theory of Knowledge,* edited by Professor D. C. Yalden-Thomson, formerly of McGill and now of the University of Virginia, contains an unabridged text of the *Enquiry concerning Human Understanding* together with the *Abstract* of and selected passages from the *Treatise.* Each of these moderately priced and attractively printed volumes includes a brief introduction by its editor. Although primarily designed to serve the needs of undergraduates, the texts should prove useful to anyone interested in philosophy, political theory, or good literature.

They provide an excellent sample of the lucid thought and the graceful style of the great Scottish philosopher.

Two more volumes of selections remain to be mentioned: *A Book of Canadian Humour,* edited by John D. Robins and Margaret V. Ray and *The Worldly Muse: An Anthology of Serious Light Verse* by A. J. M. Smith. *A Book of Canadian Humour* takes its place along with Mr. Robins' earlier *A Pocketful of Canada,* A. J. M. Smith's *The Book of Canadian Poetry,* and Desmond Pacey's volume of Canadian short stories, as another important collection of our best or most characteristic writing. Although the editors, in a disarming preface, admit without argument that they have failed to include the really funniest example of Canadian humour, the reader's favourite, they have given us about everything else from Sam Slick to Sarah Binks and later, and a great deal that was both funny and new to this reader. In the other anthology, *The Worldly Muse,* Canadian writers do not come off as well; only Mr. Smith himself and Louis Mackay are admitted among the worldlings, from Chaucer to the present, who in poetry combine "lightness of tone and seriousness of effect." To judge by the number of poems or excerpts chosen for the volume, Herrick and Pope (11 each) are best at this combination, and Spenser, Shelley, Tennyson, and Arnold are no good at all. Milton and Wordsworth just get in with one poem each, the *Tetrachordon* sonnet and *To a Butterfly*: though here as elsewhere in the book, there might be some argument about the meaning and application of the editor's announced principles.

Professor Arthur Phelps's principles in his *Canadian Writers* are indicated in the Preface. These fourteen brief radio talks, "adventures in the method of the spoken essay" to use his own designation, are intended to "suggest a middle way between academic disdain and patriotic over-enthusiasm." His measured enthusiasm is quite extensive, even including *Anne of Green Gables* which, without academic disdain, he urges us all to read "just for fun." These essays are informal, conversational, and warmly appreciative—excellent qualities in a radio broadcast of this type—but they are at a disadvantage on the printed page where the reader may expect more information or more literary criticism than the manner or the time permitted.

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Alexander (Henry) and Jones (Llewellyn) trans., Scandinavian plays of the twentieth century, third series: Hjalmar Bergman, Pär Lagerkvist, Stig Dagerman (Princeton, Princeton University Press for the American-Scandinavian Foundation; Toronto, Saunders, vi, 196 pp., $4). Anderson (James),

Sawney's letters; with an introduction by W. KAYE LAMB (Reprint series 3; Toronto, Bibliographical Society of Canada, 1950, pp. vi, 26, mimeo.). COBURN (KATHLEEN) ed., Inquiring spirit: a new presentation of Coleridge from his published and unpublished prose writings (London, Routledge & Kegan Paul; Toronto, British Book Service, 453 pp., $5). CRAGG (G. R.), From Puritanism to the age of reason: a study of changes in religious thought within the Church of England 1660 to 1700 (Cambridge, at the University Press; Toronto, Macmillan, 1950, viii, 247 pp., $2.75). DUFF (LOUIS BLAKE), Address, given at a dinner by Stephen Leacock Memorial Association on the occasion of the unveiling of a bronze bust of Stephen Leacock by Elizabeth Wyn Wood (Orillia, Ont., c/o Miss Maude Ardagh, 16 pp., 25c.). DUTHIE (GEORGE IAN), Shakespeare (Hutchinson's university library, English literature; London, Hutchinson; Toronto, Ryerson, 206 pp., $2.25). EGOFF (SHEILA A.), Children's periodicals of the nineteenth century: a survey and bibliography (Library Association pamphlet no. 8; London, the Association, Chaucer House, Malet Place, W. C. 1, 55 pp., 5*s*.). GREENE (EDWARD J. H.), T. S. Eliot et la France (Etudes de littérature étrangère et comparée; Paris, Boivin et Cie, 248 pp.). KENNER (HUGH), The poetry of Ezra Pound (Norfolk, Conn., New Directions, 342 pp., $4). KIRKWOOD (KENNETH P.), Maud: an essay on Tennyson's poem (Ottawa, Le Droit; the author, iv, 216 pp.). LEO (ULRICH), Torquato Tasso: Studien zur Vorgeschichte des Secentismo (Bern, A. Francke Ag. Verlag, viii, 314 pp.). *LONGFELLOW (HENRY W.), Evangeline, a tale of Acadie; with introduction by C. BRUCE FERGUSSON (Winnipeg, Art Multigraphers Ltd., 109 pp.). MACDONALD (W. L.), Pope and his critics: a study in eighteenth century personalities (London and Toronto, Dent, x, 340 pp., $4.25). OSLER (Sir WILLIAM), Selected writings: 12 July 1849 to 29 December 1919; with an introduction by *G. L. Keynes, M.D., F.R.C.S. (London and Toronto, Oxford, xx, 278 pp., $4.50). OWENS (JOSEPH), The doctrine of being in the Aristotelian *Metaphysics*: a study in the Greek background of mediaeval thought; with a preface by ETIENNE GILSON (Toronto, Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies, xii, 461 pp., $5). PHELPS (ARTHUR L.), Canadian writers (Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, viii, 119 pp., $2). ROBINS (JOHN D.) and RAY (MARGARET V.), A book of Canadian humour (Toronto, Ryerson, xx, 308 pp., $4.50). SCARGILL (M. H.), Notes on the development of the principal sounds of Indo-European through Proto-Germanic and West Germanic into Old English (Toronto, University of Toronto Press, 42 pp., $1.50). SCARGILL (M. H.) and *SCHLAUCH (MARGARET) trans., Three Icelandic sagas: Gunnlaugs saga ormstunga; Bandamanna saga, Droplaugarsona saga; illustrations by *H. G. GLYDE (Princeton, Princeton University Press for the American-Scandinavian Foundation; Toronto, Saunders, 1950, vi, 150 pp., $4). SMITH (A. J. M.) ed., The worldly muse: an anthology of serious light verse; with an introduction (New York, Abelard; Toronto, McLeod, xxviii, 388 pp., $4.50). WATKINS (FREDERICK) ed., Hume, Theory of politics: containing *A treatise of human nature*, Book III, Parts I and II, and thirteen of the *Essays, moral, political and literary* (Nelson philosophical texts; Edinburgh, Nelson, xxx, 246 pp., 7*s* 6*d*). YALDEN-THOMSON (D. C.) ed., Hume, Theory of knowledge, containing the *Enquiry concerning human understanding*, the *Abstract*, and selected passages from Book I of *A treatise of human nature* (Nelson philosophical texts; Edinburgh, Nelson, xxviii, 265 pp., 7*s* 6*d*).

3. *Books on Religion* W. S. McCULLOUGH

Professor S. M. Gilmour of Queen's Theological College, Kingston, Ontario, has performed a good service in translating into English, under the title of *The Meaning of the Sermon on the Mount,* the late Professor Hans Windisch's book, *Der Sinn der Bergpredigt* (2nd ed., 1937). This work has a twofold importance. First, it is a vigorous plea for the primacy of historical criticism in approaching New Testament problems, and especially in attempting to construct a biblical theology. All dogmatic theologians should be required to read what is said in chapter IV on "The Meaning of Theological Exegesis." Second, the author presents his own exegesis of the Sermon on the Mount. The following quotation will suggest the general lines of his interpretation: "The Christianity of the Sermon on the Mount is therefore pre-Johannine and pre-Pauline. Salvation means becoming a child of God, withstanding the judgment, and participating in the Kingdom. The way to be saved is to imitate God, to hear and to do the words of Christ, to trust in him as the divinely commissioned prophet and world judge, to call him 'Lord,' and to be obedient to his commands." (pp. 170–1) This approach to the Sermon is not entirely new, but it is marked by freshness and clarity, and while few will agree with it *in toto,* and while others will feel that Jesus' words are not viewed sufficiently against the background of the early Church, this study cannot be neglected by any serious student of the New Testament.

The Truth of the Gospel, by Professor G. B. Caird of McGill University, is Part III of "A Primer of Christianity," the first two parts being by other authors. The book is an honest effort to present the claims of Christianity to the modern man, and it does so with force, lucidity, and apt illustration. To deal with most of the major theological issues in a diminutive volume necessitates a good deal of compression, but Dr. Caird has maintained a nice balance between the various aspects of his subject. This *apologia* for the Christian faith should be very useful in college circles.

An S.T.D. dissertation, submitted to the Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C., by the Rev. W. M. Bedard, is a meritorious treatment of *The Symbolism of the Baptismal Font in Early Christian Thought.* Examining both Eastern and Western usage, the author finds baptism symbolic of a mystical dying and rising again in Christ (Rom. 6:3-5, Col. 2:12), and thus the baptismal font is a mystical tomb. On the other hand he also observes that, inspired by the Johannine tradition (John 1:12-13, 3:3-5), baptism is looked upon as a kind of rebirth, and hence the font is a mother or womb.

The Western tradition often speaks of the font, in the words of Augustine, as "the womb of the Church."

An informative and well-written book by Sister Mary Agnes entitled *The Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph* gives the story of this order of sisters. The "volume is a contribution to the centennial anniversary of the coming of the Sisters . . . to Toronto," and therefore the origins in France in the seventeenth century and the establishment of the Congregation in the United States in 1836 are treated somewhat lightly, the bulk of the book being given over to the history of the Congregation in Canada. It was in 1851 at the request of the Bishop of Toronto that the first four Sisters came to Toronto from Philadelphia, and in 1863 the present convent on Wellesley Street was opened. The subsequent growth of the order, with its benevolent, educational, and hospital undertakings, is fully chronicled, and altogether the record is an impressive one. (On p. 104 "the Library of University College, Toronto" should read "the Library of the University of Toronto.")

Two biographies of prominent Canadian clergymen appeared during 1951. Although the life of Neil McNeil (1851-1934) covered a longer span than that of Alfred Gandier (1861-1932), they were contemporaries during an important epoch in Canada's religious history. George Boyle, in *Pioneer in Purple,* deals with the older man, Dr. McNeil, whose career in the Roman Catholic Church, beginning with a professorship in 1880 at St. Francis Xavier College, Antigonish, Nova Scotia, was crowned in 1912 when he became Archbishop of Toronto, a post which he held until his death. This self-effacing man, intent on the practice of his faith and especially of Christian charity, was a great force among English-speaking Catholics. His work for separate schools in Ontario and for St. Augustine's Seminary (near Toronto), the encouragement he gave to the founding in 1929 of the Institute of Mediaeval Studies on the campus of St. Michael's College, Toronto, his support of the Sisters of Service and of the Catholic Women's League of Canada—these suggest some of the interests and goals of a long and fruitful priesthood. The life of the younger cleric is portrayed by Professor John Dow under the title *Alfred Gandier.* After important pastorates in Presbyterian congregations in Halifax and Toronto (the account of the former is written by the Rev. P. M. MacDonald), Dr. Gandier became principal of Knox College, Toronto, in 1908, and thereafter he spent himself training men for the ministry. He toured the Presbyterian Church to raise funds for new quarters for his beloved college, and the result was the opening of the present Knox College in September, 1915. He was an out-

standing leader in the Church Union movement which culminated in 1925 in the creation of the United Church of Canada, but his heart was nearly broken when Knox College was awarded in 1927 to the continuing Presbyterians. He became the first principal of the United Church's new Emmanuel College, whose building was dedicated in 1931. He died in 1932, a month before his formal retirement was to take place. Dr. Dow presents a readable and an authentic picture of this rather austere man who had a tremendous zeal for the Kingdom of God.

In 1864 John Henry Newman wrote of his conversion to Roman Catholicism: "I was not conscious of a firmer faith in the fundamental truths of revelation, . . . but it was like coming into port after a rough sea." It is in much this same tenor that Karl Stern relates in *The Pillar of Fire* the story of his religious pilgrimage from Judaism to the Roman Church. This sensitive Jewish doctor, born in 1906 in a little town in Bavaria, belonged to a family whose Jewish inheritance was taken very lightly, and it is significant that the boy's first schooling was in a kindergarten conducted by Catholic nuns. At school in Munich he came under the influence of a Jewish orthodox family and learned something of genuine Jewish piety, but later his medical studies threw him into the camp of the dialectical materialists. The National Socialist revolution of the early thirties brought him back to Jewish orthodoxy, and to a fresh awareness of the meaning of Revelation and of the Messianic idea. Some Roman Catholic friends now came into his life, and we find him reading the New Testament and discussing it with Martin Buber. In 1935 the anti-Jewish movement forced him to leave Germany, and he went to London; here he read Thomas Aquinas for the first time. An opening in Canada brought him to Montreal in 1939, and in 1943 he entered the Roman Catholic Church, his wife having done so two years earlier. The last chapter in the book is a long letter to a younger brother, a school-teacher in Israel, giving him an account of how he became a Christian. The author is of course not a critical student of Christianity and some of his views are rather naïve, but as the religious autobiography of a gifted and unusual person this is an absorbing human document.

In Such An Age, edited by the Rev. W. C. Lockhart, has as its sub-title *Younger Voices in the Canadian Church,* and if anyone wants to know what the younger Protestant clergymen in Canada preach about on Sundays, this is the book to read. The twenty-four sermons here gathered together come from as many ministers selected from the Anglican, Baptist, Presbyterian, and United Churches. On the whole the performances are competent, and in some cases extremely good.

Four smallish books fall into the general category of didactic and devotional literature. In *Preface to Christmas* President A. E. Kerr of Dalhousie University offers ten thoughtful meditations on the theme of Christmas. The Rev. R. F. Palmer writes twelve short Lenten addresses in which he makes good use of the Psalter, but the title of his book, *Mother Said So,* is not felicitous. His statement on page 6, "The real reason that you believe in God and that I believe in God, is that mother said so," must be described as nonsense. Mrs. Deborah Warriner, convinced that "those who have learned to pray . . . enjoy inward peace that gives radiance to their living," supplies in *Today's Need—Prayer* a manual in which she offers guidance to those who wish to discipline themselves in prayer. Twenty short essays by the Rev. H. J. Keith, entitled *I've Found a Friend,* have not much literary merit, even though some were broadcast over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation stations during devotional periods. They are intended to lead the reader into the secret of the author's experience of Christ as a living person.

A very substantial and well-documented Ph.D. dissertation for Columbia University, New York, comes from Professor R. L. Slater of McGill under the title *Paradox and Nirvana,* with sub-title *A Study of Religious Ultimates with Special Reference to Burmese Buddhism.* By a "religious ultimate" the author means such terms as God, Brahman, Nirvana. A more accurate description of the book would be, "A study of Burmese Buddhism with special reference to the concept of Nibbāna (the Pali equivalent of Nirvana), with some concluding remarks on the role of paradox in religious thought, with illustrations drawn from Buddhism, Hinduism, the Old Testament, Greek philosophy, and Christianity." The subject seems to have been suggested to the author by his sixteen years spent in the Far East and his first-hand acquaintance with Burmese Buddhism. The latter is of the Hīnayāna school, and Dr. Slater corrects some popular misconceptions entertained about it. Among its basic concepts is that of Nibbāna, and the author elucidates the paradoxical statements made in reference to it in the Pali texts and elsewhere. Similar paradoxes exist, of course, in Mahāyāna Buddhism, and account for the well-recognized difficulty of obtaining a clear picture of Buddhism. After commenting upon analogous paradoxes in other religions and philosophies, he concludes, in part, as follows: "Religious paradox indicates that . . . man always finds the world too big for him. He is impressed by a Reality which bewilders him, and it is the most important aspect of this Reality which bewilders him most."

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4. *Canada: The Land and the People* — J. M. S. Careless

This year has produced some notable works on the Arctic, several interesting books on British Columbia and Ontario, and one or two valuable studies of a more or less sociological character. But there is little use trying to trace a pattern through all the variety of this section. One might just as well approach it by reading from left to right;

and this makes British Columbia the starting point for a transcontinental survey.

British Columbia, by F. H. Goodchild, is a well-filled handbook on the Pacific province. History, resources, cultural growth, tourist trade —all these and many other aspects of British Columbian development are covered in its thoroughly factual though somewhat dry pages. In the history section the author does not seem very clear on the use of the term "responsible government," but otherwise he has successfully amassed and compressed a large quantity of information. Since the book is published in the United Kingdom, it might well be intended as a guide for prospective immigrants. It would admirably fulfil the task of enlightening them on this "fastest-growing" Canadian province. As for exciting them—that is another matter.

A far more exciting work is R. P. Hobson's *Grass beyond the Mountains,* the story of the discovery of a vast cattle range in unexplored territory deep in the western British Columbian mountains. In the nineteen-thirties "Rich" Hobson and his partner, Panhandle Phillips, opened this last cattle frontier after an epic journey across mountains and muskeg. The narrative of that journey almost compels reading at one sitting, for Mr. Hobson writes with force and colour and a strong sense of the dramatic. At times, however, he spills over into the melodramatic; for instance, in "The Night the Horses Raced with Death," a chapter which describes a ninety-six mile dash for a doctor in approved frontier-thriller fashion. Yet while the author's habit of inventing dialogue for scenes in which he was not present makes one wonder, indeed, how much of the drama was added to the story after the event, the bare record of exploration and achievement is dramatic enough in itself. However one may criticize it, this remains a gripping work.

Fisherman's Spring, by Roderick Haig-Brown, is not a gripping work, except perhaps to devotees of fishing. It is a lucid, tranquil exposition of fly-fishing in Mr. Haig-Brown's beloved Vancouver Island waters, and is full of wise teaching on lines, flies, and waders, of sensitive descriptions of fishing scenes, and meditations on the fisherman's art. The author writes in a disarming conversational style, and begins by remarking that he is not sure that he has anything new to say. Despite the charm of his conversation, I would confirm his doubt. But again ardent fishermen would probably disagree.

You may have to be a fly-fisherman to be held by *Fisherman's Spring,* but you do not have to be a mountaineer to enjoy *Climbs in the Canadian Rockies,* by Frank Smythe. This is the last book of a distinguished mountaineer, with many titles to his credit. It is marked

as always by his joyous appreciation of the colour and wonder of mountains, but it has particular interest because Smythe came to the Rockies from the Alps and Himalayas, and here found a new and different kind of mountain experience. His splendid photographs, some in colour, complete a wholly fascinating work.

With *Agriculture on Parade* we move to the prairie provinces. Grant MacEwan's book is a lively and detailed history of western Canadian fairs and exhibitions from pioneer times to the present. Some space is given to the Victoria Fair, the first of all, and to the ever growing Pacific National Exhibition, but the bulk of the volume deals with prairie fairs, some now defunct and others still thriving. The study makes clear the importance of these exhibitions for the improvement of western agriculture. It shows as well how the rise of fairs expressed the driving self-confidence and bustling community spirit of the prairie West. Here is an interesting piece of social history.

Red River Runs North! is a piece of journalism run riot across the pages of history. Its author, Vera Kelsey, a product of the Red River country, has a wealth of information on and a deep devotion to her home region; but her very effort to "sell" the story of the Red River Valley in the accepted sensational manner defeats her purpose. Undoubtedly she has chosen a difficult region to organize in one book, since in trying to cover the whole Red River Valley north and south of the border she must bring together developments that often bear little relation to one another. She does not help matters, however, by vague chronology and a feverish style of writing that abounds in verbless sentences, brief breathless paragraphs, and tireless wide-eyed exclamations. The book, indeed, might well be summed up in one of her more succinct paragraphs—and I quote in full:

"No."

The tone is calmer in *Manitoba Roundabout,* by Lyn Harrington. This is a clear, competent, and sensibly organized travel book wherein the author and her husband (whose photographs supply very effective illustration) survey the districts and communities of Manitoba by making a number of expeditions out of Winnipeg into prairie, plains, and bush country. This volume does not display any particular insight, nor does it contribute much to an understanding of Manitoba. Yet it is smoothly and attractively written, and perhaps one should not expect travel books to be regional studies—or anything more than entertaining eye-witness accounts, as this one is.

A true regional study is *The Valley of the Lower Thames, 1640 to 1850,* by F. C. Hamil. Professor Hamil has long been engaged in research in this area of southwestern Ontario, where his own roots lie,

and the fruit of his research is embodied in this study of the moulding of a community. This is indeed the story of pioneer Ontario writ small. It has its faults. The book has no real organization beyond the lines of chronology, and in many ways the forest of Ontario social history is lost behind the trees of the Lower Thames. In short, the story of the Thames Valley is not sufficiently integrated with the larger story of Ontario, a fact which robs this local history of some of its value. Nevertheless as a work of careful scholarship, crammed with information, it is a landmark in the field of regional studies in a province that badly needs them.

Quite another kind of regional study is *Centennial Story,* the history of the Board of Education of Toronto between 1850 and 1950, prepared by the staff of the Board under the direction of E. A. Hardy and edited by H. M. Cochrane. This is the record of one of the largest educational organizations in Canada, from the simple days of Strachan and Ryerson down to the era of modern complexity in education. The book is not much concerned with underlying trends in educational doctrine; but it effectively covers the growth of the Toronto school system, with useful side glances at the social history of the city. There is, moreover, a good deal on educational trends implicit in its account of school development. *Centennial Story* may be read both by the specialist for information on specific questions of school organization and by the layman to see how the system of public education has responded to the changing demands of society in Canada.

Up Medonte Way is another of Kenneth Wells' Ontario idylls celebrating life at Owl Pen farm, a land running with goat's milk and honey, where the author and his wife, Lucille Oille, live surrounded by goats, pets, and bees and a few quaint old farmers. The rustic picture is sketched as attractively as ever. Lucille Oille's woodcuts are as appealing as ever. Here are the anecdotes, the important little adventures, and the ever fresh colours of the countryside. Yet, since the book is drawn from a series of articles that have appeared in the Toronto *Telegram,* and the series still goes on, one begins to wonder whether there soon may not be too much of a good thing. *Up Medonte Way* does not quite exhaust the theme. Another volume might. It is to be hoped that Mr. Wells will build a new wing on the Owl Pen, go in for raising goldfish, or otherwise seek variety for his next.

The one work representing Quebec this year is Blodwen Davies' *Quebec, Portrait of a Province.* In its foreword the author makes an earnest plea for a Canadian regional literature based on "the cultural resources of our history." In this handsomely illustrated volume she

practises what she preaches. Each portion of the province is treated both in its present and in its past, and the great figures and colourful episodes in Quebec's story are vividly evoked in local contexts. Miss Davies makes no claim to being an historian. Indeed she is weak on some of the points of history, and she does not construct a well-organized or balanced picture. In fact, this is not a portrait; it is a patchwork. It is such a warm and glowing patchwork that one may well forget that it depicts more romance than reality. Nevertheless a self-professed regional study, built upon history, should show more historical judgment, and should not rest on what is apparently a thoroughly haphazard bibliography. When will writers of this sort of book cease proclaiming that they are not historians, as if history was something wholly academic or esoteric? They cannot help being historians. They should recognize that fact if they want to paint their regional portraits faithfully.

A volume that has still more of the patchwork quality, mixing historical and literary material without organizing it, is John Murray Gibbon's *The Romance of the Canadian Canoe*. Dr. Gibbon has seized a great subject, collected a wide variety of references to the canoe from legend, history, and poetry, had his text handsomely published and splendidly illustrated—and produced a disappointing book. This is hardly a history of Canada, as the publishers claim, and there is little romance about it. It is a rather prosaic collection of notes with insufficient continuity, continuity that is further broken by frequent long quotations and abrupt jumps from one paragraph to another. The quotations, indeed, are the best part of the book. As an anthology on the canoe it does have its value; but this is a somewhat different category from "romance."

Far more romance lies in the books on the Arctic; for instance, in *Hudson's Bay Trader,* by Lord Tweedsmuir. This is the diary of the second Lord Tweedsmuir, son of the late Governor-General, kept during the year he spent as a Hudson's Bay trader at Cape Dorset, Baffin Land. It was the momentous year of Munich, but the outside world passed unnoticed beyond the ice curtain of the Far North. This record of Arctic life—of trading, hunting, and long journeys of hardship and adventure—is the more enthralling because of its very simplicity. The story speaks for itself; although only the clear perception and literary ability of the author could have conveyed the sense of basic reality and the deep satisfying calm he found amid the rigours of the eastern Arctic.

Elsie Gillis also spent a year in the Arctic and her story is told by Eugenie Myles in *North Pole Boarding House*. Mrs. Gillis was

"Canada's farthest-north white woman" in 1945-6, during which time she accompanied her husband to the weather station at Arctic Bay in latitude 73°. Here she kept house for the little community of the station, and her story is an engaging study of a modern townswoman suddenly flung into the Arctic environment. Yet while real hardships of isolation and cold were ever present, she found her "boarding house" cheerful and modern, and equipped like a city dwelling. As a result, the record of her Arctic problems reads a little like a "home-making" magazine discussing the question of new slipcovers or tempting recipes for the limited budget. This is a very different Arctic from Lord Tweedsmuir's, but it is interesting in its own way. *North Pole Boarding House* is an intriguing story, if one can ignore the somewhat trite and prattling style.

Wild Geese and Eskimos, by Peter Scott, is another journal of Arctic experiences. Its author is the distinguished British naturalist and wildfowl artist. He kept his journal during the summer of 1949, while on an expedition to the almost unexplored Perry River country in the western Arctic for the purpose of studying certain species of wildfowl in these remote breeding grounds. His pages are filled not only with descriptions of birds but with accounts of the Eskimos of the region, whom Mr. Scott regards with warm and friendly sympathy. His keen observant eye and fluent pen make this record of an Arctic summer a lively and absorbing narrative. But it is his presentation and characterization of the individual Eskimos that give it special distinction.

The special distinction of *North of the Circle,* by Frank Illingworth, is that it treats the whole Arctic—Canadian, American, Russian, and Scandinavian—within one frame, and thus Canadian Arctic conditions gain a new perspective from comparison or contrast with other far northern regions. In brisk, lucid style Mr. Illingworth deals with mining, hunting, trapping, and farming in the Arctic; with the Eskimo, the doctor and missionary, and the weathermen; with sealing, igloo building, and the strategy of northern war. But perhaps his brightest chapter is that designed to dispel favourite fictions concerning the cold and darkness or the silence and lack of colour of the Arctic.

Canada's Century is a geographic and economic study of potential Canadian development that only partly deals with the North, and then with the sub-Arctic rather than the Arctic. But Mr. Lebourdais' gaze quickly turns northward as he argues with force and enthusiasm that this can yet be Canada's century. He puts a challenge to Canada to recognize and develop its vast northern resources. He paints a picture of a busy, populous northland living not only by mining and

lumbering but by the potentialities of northern agriculture and industry. His book may be overdrawn and over-optimistic, but it provides a continent-wide blueprint for future patterns of development, and some of them are already taking form.

There are many stimulating ideas as well in *Canada's Century,* among them the thought that Canadians should stop being hidebound by antiquated viewpoints no longer true in the present age of technology. For example, the Precambrian Shield should no longer be viewed as a weighty burden on the Canadian economy and a grim barrier to national unity, but as the greatest single source of wealth in Canada and a powerful factor in moulding a distinctive nation. Mr. Lebourdais sees Canada not as a geographic extension of the United States, but as a nation turned northward by geography, with its back to the American boundary and facing down the slope of the continent to the permanent Arctic frontier. This may be mere wishful thinking, as when he projects "the highly industrialized region near or adjacent to Lake Athabaska and Great Slave Lake." But who, ten years ago, would have projected the rising iron ore centre of Burnt Creek, Labrador, where no white man had ever set foot? While taking Mr. Lebourdais' infectious optimism with a grain of salt, one might remember that standard Canadian pessimism has not proved a better guide on the current stage of northern development.

It is, however, almost a relief to turn from the bustling and fast-growing North to the calm and long-established Maritime provinces. Here two travel books tour the pleasant countryside of New Brunswick, touching on its history as they go. They are *This is New Brunswick,* by Jessie I. Lawson and Jean M. Sweet, and *'Round New Brunswick Roads,* by Lilian Maxwell. Both books are excellently illustrated with photographs, and both are clearly and competently written. The former book, perhaps, would make the more complete tourists' guide; the latter is better suited for a quiet reading, and its photographs are particularly good. Still, there is not a great deal to choose between them.

A very different sort of book represents Nova Scotia: *Guysborough Sketches and Essays,* by A. C. Jost. This is a tightly packed volume with a rather forbidding format of small type and long pages—designed perhaps to cram in as much material as possible—but, without doubt, it contains a mine of information on Guysborough County. Canadian regional study needs a great deal more of these grass-roots essays in local history, and we can only praise the interest and enterprise that led to their writing and publication.

Cradled in the Waves, by J. T. Croteau, takes up the recent history of Prince Edward Island as it describes the successful establishment of the co-operative movement in that province between 1933 and 1946. During that period the author held the chair of economics and sociology at Prince of Wales College and St. Dunstan's University, and from this vantage point took a leading part in founding co-operatives to meet the economic and social problems of the hard-hit island province. This book is a narrative of his experiences. It is a plainly told, but moving story. Beyond that, it is a striking proof of what adult education can accomplish in teaching a community to rehabilitate itself; for by 1946, when the author left the province, twenty-five co-operative societies and fifty credit unions had been organized and were successfully conducting large-scale business operations. *Cradled in the Waves* may be read both as a significant piece of Maritime history and as a valuable sociological study on the application of the co-operative principle in Canada.

Another valuable sociological study is *The Y.M.C.A. in Canada,* by Murray G. Ross. This is a full and scholarly history of a century of Y.M.C.A. development, carefully organized and effectively tied into the broader history of Canada. It might be read in conjunction with *One Hundred Years of Service with Youth,* by H. C. Cross, which is the history of the Montreal Y.M.C.A. and presents in more detail, but with inferior organization, one particular phase of the movement covered in Dr. Ross's book. *The Y.M.C.A. in Canada* seems most interesting in treating what it calls "the search for clear aims in a secular society" during the period since 1921. To say the least, social conditions in Canada have changed drastically since the Y.M.C.A. first reached this country in 1851. The relating of Y.M.C.A. development to the changing social pattern gives this book much of its value, and helps to make it one of the major contributions of the year—and this, perhaps, is a good place to stop.

CHECK-LIST OF TITLES

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Dept. of Resources and Development, Development Services Branch, National Museum of Canada, bulletin no. 117, Anthropological series 29; Ottawa, King's Printer, 1950, vi, 163 pp.). CROSS (HAROLD C.), One hundred years of service with youth: the story of the Montreal YMCA (Montreal, c/o Metropolitan YMCA, 1441 Drummond St., xvi, 368, xiii pp.). CROTEAU (J. T.), Cradled in the waves: the story of a people's co-operative achievement in economic betterment on Prince Edward Island, Canada; foreword by E. A. CORBETT (Toronto, Ryerson, x, 149 pp., $3.25). DAVIES (BLODWEN), Quebec, portrait of a province (Toronto, Heinemann, British Book Service, xiv, 258 pp., $4). EARLE (EVELYN PURVIS), Leeds the lovely; foreword by ARTHUR STRINGER; ill. by IVAN E. SCOTT (Toronto, Ryerson, viii, 174 pp., $3). FARRELL (MARVIN W.), The Guelph Junction Railway, 1884–1950 (Guelph, Ont., Guelph Junction Railway Co., 25 ll., mimeo.). FERRIS (JOHN), Algoma's industrial and trade union development (Sault Ste Marie, Ont., the author, 278 Cathcart St., 122 pp., $1.25). FRIESEN (JOHN K.) and PARSEY (JOHN M.), Manitoba folk-schools: the first ten years, 1940–1950 (Winnipeg, Study Group Committee, Co-operative Services Branch, 56 pp.). GIBBON (JOHN MURRAY), New colour for the Canadian mosaic: the displaced persons (Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, 30 pp., $1); The romance of the Canadian canoe (Toronto, Ryerson, xiv, 145 pp., $5). GILLIS (ELSIE MCCALL) and MYLES (EUGENIE), North Pole boarding house (Toronto, Ryerson, viii, 206 pp., $3.95). GOODCHILD (FRED H.), British Columbia: its history, people and industry; foreword by BYRON I. JOHNSON (London, Eng., Allen & Unwin; Toronto, Nelson, 216 pp., map, $4.50). HAIG-BROWN (RODERICK), Fisherman's spring; ill. by LOUIS DARLING (Toronto, Collins, 222 pp., $3). HAMIL (F. C.), The valley of the lower Thames, 1640 to 1850 (Toronto, University of Toronto Press, xii, 390 pp., $4.50). HARRINGTON (LYN), Manitoba roundabout; photographs by RICHARD HARRINGTON (Toronto, Ryerson, xiv, 237 pp., $3.50). HOBSON (RICHMOND P.) Jr., Grass beyond the mountains: discovering the last great cattle frontier on the North American continent (Philadelphia, Lippincott; Toronto, Longmans Green, 256 pp., $4.50). *ILLINGWORTH (FRANK), North of the Circle (London, Hodge; Toronto, Ambassador Books, viii, 254 pp., $3); Wild life beyond the north (London, Country Life; New York, Scribner; Toronto, British Book Service, 168 pp., $3.75). Irving House historic centre, 1864–1951 (New Westminster, B.C., c/o the Curator, 302 Royal Ave., 6 pp., ill.). *JAQUES (FLORENCE PAGE), As far as the Yukon; ill. by FRANCIS LEE JAQUES (New York, Harper; Toronto, Musson, xii, 243 pp., $4.50). JOST (A. C.), Guysborough sketches and essays (Guysborough, N.S., B. & G. Jost, 1950, 414 pp., $4). *KELSEY (VERA), Red River runs north! (New York, Harper; Toronto, Musson, xx, 297 pp., $3.95). KENT HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Papers and addresses; vol. VII (Chatham, Ont., the Society, 79 pp., ill.). Laurier House, Historical background and information for the guidance of visitors (Ottawa, Laurier House, c/o the Curator, 335 Laurier Ave., E., 8 pp.). LAWSON (JESSIE I.) and SWEET (JEAN MACCALLUM), This is New Brunswick (Toronto, Ryerson, viii, 202 pp., $3.50). LAY (GREGORY S.), Memories of early days on St. Joseph's Island, the garden of Algoma and tourists' paradise (Sault Ste Marie, Ont., the author, 1066 Wellington St. E., 20 pp.). LEBOURDAIS (D. M.), Canada's century (Toronto and London, Methuen; Toronto, British Book Service; x, 214 pp., $4). MCCOWAN (DAN), Tidewater to timberline (Toronto, Macmillan, xiv, 205 pp., $3). MACEWAN (GRANT), Agriculture on parade: the story of the fairs and exhibitions of western Canada (Toronto, Nelson, 1950,

viii, 200 pp., $4). McNeill (Leishman), Tales of the old town: Calgary, 1875–1950 (Calgary, Calgary Herald, 92 pp., 35c.). Manitoba, Dept. of Industry and Commerce, Bureau of Travel and Publicity, Historical Manitoba (Winnipeg, King's Printer, 32 pp.). Maxwell (Lilian), 'Round New Brunswick roads (Toronto, Ryerson, xvi, 191 pp., $3.50). *Peters (H. S.) and *Burleigh (T. D.), The birds of Newfoundland; ill. by *Roger Tory Peterson (Boston, Houghton Mifflin in association with Dept. of Natural Resources, Newfoundland, xx, 431 pp., ill., $6). Peters (W. Austin), Feathers preferred: a sportsman's soliloquy (Harrisburg, Pa., Stackpole; Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, x, 198 pp., $4.50). Rinfret (Thibaudeau), We are all Canadians (Duncan & John Gray memorial lecture; Toronto, University of Toronto Press, 15 pp.). Ross (Murray G.), The Y.M.C.A. in Canada: the chronicle of a century (Toronto, Ryerson, xviii, 517 pp., $6). Roy (Maurice), The parish and democracy in French Canada; French and English on opposite pages (Duncan & John Gray memorial lecture; Toronto, University of Toronto Press, 1950, 37 pp., 75c.). Royal Bank of Canada, Canada in picture and story; preface in English, Swedish, German and Italian (Montreal, the Bank, Head Office, 31 pp., ill.). *Scott (Peter), Wild geese and Eskimos: a journal of the Perry River expedition of 1949; photographs by *Paul Queneau (London, Country Life; New York, Scribner; Toronto, British Book Service, 254 pp., $4.25). *Smythe (Frank S.), Climbs in the Canadian Rockies (New York, Norton; Toronto, McLeod, x, 260 pp., ill., $6). Snyder (L. L.) Ontario birds; illustrations by T. M. Shortt (Toronto, Clarke Irwin, x, 248 pp., $4.50). Sparling (Mrs. R. B.), Reminiscences of the Rossburn pioneers (Rossburn, Man., Rossburn Women's Institute, c/o treasurer, Box 114, 131 pp., $1.50). *Stephens (I. M.), A novice in Canada (Calcutta, India, Statesman Printing Press, 34 pp.). Toronto, Board of Education, Centennial story: the Board of Education for the City of Toronto, 1850–1950; prepared by the staff of the Board, under the direction of E. A. Hardy, Honora M. Cochrane, editor (Toronto, Nelson, 1950, xii, 306 pp., $3.50). Trail Golden Jubilee Society, Trail, B.C., a half century, 1901–1951 (Trail, the Society, 48 pp., ill.). *Tweedsmuir, Lord, Hudson's Bay trader (London, Clerke & Cockeran; Toronto, Ambassador Books, 176 pp., $3.75). Wells (K. M.), Up Medonte way; drawings by Lucille Oille (Toronto and Vancouver, Dent, xviii, 247 pp., $4.50). Wintemberg (W. J.), Folk-lore of Waterloo County, Ontario (Canada, Dept. of Resources and Development, Development Services Branch, National Museum of Canada, bulletin no. 116, Anthropological series 28; Ottawa, King's Printer, 1950, viii, 68 pp.). Women's Canadian Historical Society of Toronto, Colborne Lodge, High Park, Toronto, Canada, first occupied December 23rd, 1837 (Toronto, the Society, Corr. Secr., Miss K. Symons, 68 Avenue Rd., 8 pp.). Woodstock College Alumni Association, Woodstock College memorial book (Toronto, the Association, c/o Secr., P. J. Harwood, 62 Balsam Ave., 165 pp.).

5. *Other Books* — The Editor and Others

The only military book received this year is a regimental history of the Highland Light Infantry of Canada in the Second World War, compiled by J. F. Bartlett. Professor H. N. Maclean of the Royal Military College of Canada, Kingston, who for several years has written the Quarterly's survey of war books, contributes the follow-

ing review of *1st Battalion, Highland Light Infantry of Canada, 1940–1945*.

This history is written as straight reportage; its style is consciously restrained as with most work of this sort following the salutary example of Hilary St. George Saunders whose books appeared in the war years. The volume has particular interest in that it is apparently the first published regimental history of an infantry battalion belonging to the 3rd Canadian Division, Canada's representative in the 1944 invasion of France. The events of June and July of that year, when this division fought continuously, are described with some care and as completely as in most regimental histories. Special emphasis is placed on the operations around Buron, where the Highland Light Infantry was heavily engaged. The book will appeal primarily to veterans of the unit, but lists of dates and actions at the head of each chapter help the general reader to follow events. There are three useful maps and a number of photographs covering the activities of the regiment in Canada and on the Continent. This volume is an excellent example of what can be done in this field with limited funds but a determination to bring out such a book before too much time has passed. Many units, delaying for various reasons, have deprived their veterans of the chance to possess an interesting and valued record of the war years.

In *As We Came By* Judith Robinson gives her impressions of post-war Europe gathered during a tour made in 1950 through Great Britain, France, and Italy. Miss Robinson is a practised journalist with a knack of isolating and dramatizing a representative fact or episode. No doubt her sixty-odd sketches made vivid and entertaining reading day by day in the newspapers where they first appeared; they still do, but collected in a volume which can be read through in a few hours the journalistic mannerisms may seem exaggerated and rather wearisome.

In *Carolina Quest,* Mr. Richard M. Saunders also reports on a journey, of a special kind, made a good many years ago to South Carolina to see birds which never, or rarely, venture as far north as Ontario. Although there is some description of southern scenery and a few observations on non-avian Carolinians in this volume, it is almost entirely written for enthusiastic bird-watchers who will wish that they too could have crawled in the dust of that rice barn and with "faces flat against the floor" peered at those "four splendid barn owls," or pushed their way through a hazardous cypress swamp for a glimpse at a pair of ivory-billed woodpeckers.

The most remarkable book in this subsection, and the hardest to place in any category, is *The Mechanical Bride*: *Folklore of Industrial*

Man by H. M. McLuhan. It is a work of social commentary, but it certainly does not belong among works of scholarship in the social sciences. Perhaps its place is in the usually dismal field of education, and Mr. McLuhan might be called a counter-revolutionary in popular education. He has observed that while schools and universities have been less and less effective in their influence on our society, we have all been subjected to an overwhelming but often unrecognized process of education every time we opened a paper, looked at an advertisement, or turned on the radio. The journalists and advertising copywriters are the most successful teachers in a school that most people attend every day of the year and about sixteen hours a day. Mr. McLuhan has collected some weird and appalling examples of the adman's or journalist's art; he confronts us with one at the beginning of each chapter and then gives us a brief lecture, as pungent and sensational as anything his educational enemies can offer, on what the exhibit demonstrates about the folklore of industrial man. The exhibits are all American, by the way, and so far as I can remember there is no indication whatever either in the volume or on the dust cover that the author is not an American living in the United States—all of which may be some kind of evidence on the conditions of Canadian culture.

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Acadia University, Report 1950–51 (Wolfville, N.S., the University, 29 pp.). Canadian graduate theses in the humanities and social sciences, 1921–1946; in English and French (Ottawa, King's Printer, 194 pp., $1). Canadian Library Association, 100 library years in Canada, 1851–1951: a picture book of libraries (Ottawa, the Association, 40 pp., 50c.). Canadian Social Science Research Council, Tenth annual report, 1949–1950 (Ottawa, the Council, 27 pp.). Diamant (John), A teacher looks at the curriculum (Toronto, Ryerson, 60 pp., $1). Halifax Library Association, A directory of libraries in Halifax, Nova Scotia (Halifax, the Association, c/o Nova Scotia Research Foundation, Box 1027, 40 pp.). Humanities Research Council of Canada, Scholarly reporting in the humanities (Ottawa, the Council, vi, 50 pp., 50c.); Third report, 1949–1951 (Ottawa, the Council, 48 pp.). Laycock (S. R.), Our children in tomorrow's world; a series of talks on the national network of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in co-operation with the Canadian Mental Health Association (Toronto, Ryerson, iv, 44 pp., 60c.). Lazerte (M. E.), Teacher education in Canada; lectures delivered under the Quance Lectures in Canadian Education (Toronto, Gage, 80 pp., $1.25). Macbeth (M. H.), Canada's Library of Parliament (Ottawa, the author, 324 Chapel St., 1950, 16 pp.). McGill University, Annual report for the year 1950–1951 (Montreal, the University, 184 pp.). McIlwraith (T. F.), On race and culture: an address delivered at Founders' Day, 1951, in commemoration of the founding of the University in 1800; delivered at the University of New Brunswick, Feb. 19, 1951 (Fredericton,

the University, 12 pp.). McLuhan (Herbert Marshall), The mechanical bride: folklore of industrial man (New York, Vanguard; Toronto, Copp Clark, viii, 157 pp., $5.75). Mason (Ralph S.), A hundred years of Canadian stamps, 1851–1951 (Toronto, Ryerson, xviii, 99 pp., $4). Palk (Helen), The book of Canadian achievement (Toronto and Vancouver, Dent, x, 306 pp., $3.75). Pierce (Lorne), On publishers & publishing (Beverley Papers, X; Toronto, Ryerson, iv, 19 pp.). Queen's University, Principal's report, 1950–1951 (Kingston, Ont., the University, 125 pp.). Robinson (Judith), As we came by (Toronto, Dent, viii, 160 pp., $2.75). Saunders (Richard M.), Carolina quest; wood engravings by Sylvia Hahn (Toronto and Columbia, University of Toronto Press; University of South Carolina Press, xii, 119 pp., $3.50). Smith (David), A survey report on labour education in Canada, carried out during the fall and winter, 1949–50, under the auspices of the Canadian Association for Adult Education (Toronto, the Association, 40 pp., 35c.). Stewart (David A.), The drinking pattern (Campbellton, N.B., Tribune Publishers; Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, viii, 174 pp., $2.50). University of British Columbia, The President's report 1949–50 (Vancouver, the University, iv, 28 pp.). University of Toronto, President's report for the year ended June 1951 (Toronto, the University, vi, 229 pp.); Institute of Child Study, Twenty-five years of child study: the development of the programme and review of the research; editorial committee, Karl S. Bernhardt, Margaret I. Fletcher, Frances L. Johnson, Dorthy A. Millichamp and Mary L. Northway (chairman) (Toronto, University of Toronto Press, xiv, 182 pp., $4). University of Western Ontario, Report of the President and Vice-Chancellor to the Board of Governors and the Senate for the academic year 1949/50 (London, the University, 79 pp.). Wallace (W. Stewart), A dictionary of North American authors deceased before 1950 (Toronto, Ryerson, x, 525 pp., $15). Womersley (Wilfred), Working wonders with words: a practical guide to effective speaking, for the use of public speakers, teachers, students and all who wish to improve their speech (Toronto and Vancouver, Dent, 285 pp., $3.50). Wrenshall (A. F.), Radio and freedom (Toronto, the author, 191 Islington Ave. N., 15 pp., 10c.).

Books on art. Art Directors Club of Toronto, Third annual of advertising and editorial art (Toronto, Burns & MacEachern, 124 pp., $6). Beny (W. R. Roloff), An Aegean note-book: comments on a mid-century odyssey in Greece; lithographs (New York, Knoedler, 20 pp., $25 boxed, limited ed.). Canada, National Capital Planning Service, Plan for the national capital, Canada, 1950: general report submitted to the National Capital Planning Committee; Atlas annexed to the general report (Ottawa, King's Printer, 1950, 1951, vi, 308, iv, 20 pp., $10 set). Canada, Public Archives, Descriptive catalogue of a collection of water-colour drawings by Alfred Jacob Miller (1810–1874) in the Public Archives of Canada (Ottawa, King's Printer, 39 pp.). Canadian Handicrafts Guild, with the approval of the Dept. of Resources and Development, North West Territories Branch, Eskimo handicrafts; written and ill. by James A. Houston; in Eskimo and English (Montreal, the Guild, 30 pp.). Detroit Institute of Arts, The French in America, 1520–1880: an exhibition organized by the Detroit Institute of Arts to commemorate the founding of Detroit by Antoine de Lamothe Cadillac in the year 1701 (Detroit, the Institute, 207 pp., ill., $1.90). Elizabeth and Philip; photographs by Yousuf Karsh and others (Montreal, Roger Press, 48 pp., 25c.). Hansen (Thor), Canadian crafts in industry (Toronto, British American Oil Co., Ltd., 16 pp., ill.). Harrison

(ELIZABETH), Self-expression through art: an introduction to teaching and appreciation; foreword by C. D. GAITSKELL (Toronto, Gage, xiv, 112 pp., $4). LARGE (R. GEDDES), Soogwilis: a collection of Kwakiutl Indian designs & legends; colour drawings by CHARLIE GEORGE, pen sketches by the author (Toronto, Ryerson, 80 pp., $4 spiralback, $6 hardback). MACDONALD (THOREAU), Thoreau MacDonald's drawings for Dartmouth, with notes by *RAY NASH (Lunenburg, Vt., North Country Press, 1950, 13 pp., 50c.); Woods and fields: 70 drawings (Toronto, Ryerson, 45 pp., $2.25). NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA, Annual report of the Board of Trustees for the fiscal year 1949–50 (Ottawa, King's Printer, 22 pp., 16 pp. plates, 25c.).

Books on the War. HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY ASSOCIATION OF CANADA, 1st Battalion, the Highland Light Infantry of Canada, 1940–1945 (Galt, Ont., the Association, 126 pp., maps, $2.50). LUXTON (ERIC) ed., First Battalion, the Regina Rifle Regiment, 1939–1948 (Regina, the Regiment, Armouries, 1949, 70 pp., ill., $2). WALKER (D. E.) comp., A resume of the story of the first battalion, the Saskatoon Light Infantry (M.G.) Canadian Army Overseas (Saskatoon, Saskatoon Light Infantry, 139 pp., ill., $2).

New periodicals. Canadiana: a list of publications of Canadian interest (Jan. 15, 1951); twice monthly; JEAN LUNN, editor; published by Public Archives of Canada, Canadian Bibliographic Centre; Ottawa, King's Printer; $2 a year. Cape Breton Mirror (Dec. 1951); monthly; NORMAN LIPSCHUTZ, editor; local news and native talent; circulation manager, Cape Breton Mirror, Glace Bay, N.S.; 25c. per copy, $3 per year. Cataraqui Review (spring 1951); quarterly; Arnold Edinborough and George Whalley, editors; periodical of creative literature; mimeo.; Box 31, Kingston, Ont.; $1.25 per year. MAT (June 1951); for "those readers in our midst interested in some form of Fine Arts"; University of Alberta, Depts. of Fine Arts and Extension. PM Magazine; monthly; Y. Agazarian, editor; 1432 West Pender St., Vancouver 5; 12 issues, $2, 25c. per copy.

BRIGHTON PIER*

A. S. P. WOODHOUSE

Chesterton somewhere tells the story of a man who set out with a fixed determination of discovery. Presently he spied a busy coast of new and engaging appearance, from which a bridge-like structure, with a building at its seaward end, projected far over the waves. Landing with all speed, and asking no questions, he ascended the building and, not without triumphant self-congratulation, nailed there the Union Jack. When he came down, he was informed that it was Brighton Pier.

Chesterton, as I remember, leaves us to pursue our own reflections on the state of mind, including a large contempt for the whole race of cartographers, which such an exploit betokens. It would be unseemly to pursue them here. For we are compelled to point out the analogy between Chesterton's discoverer and Mr. Leavis as he takes possession, for the youth of Cambridge, of John Stuart Mill's two essays on Bentham and Coleridge. The analogy fails at only one point: Mr. Leavis, to all appearance, is still up the flagpole.

Now, no one who has been on Brighton Pier will deny that it is a very good place or that it commands a striking view. Indeed, one had supposed that its fame rested on precisely these facts. And all, and more than all, that Mr. Leavis claims for the importance of Mill's two essays will be readily conceded, but rather, one would imagine, as commonplaces of literary history and criticism. Certainly, in this University, on the borders of empire, there has existed time out of mind (it is one of the many good things that we owe to Alexander) a course in nineteenth-century thought for students in English honours, far more exacting than the one which Mr. Leavis advocates, and central in that course are Mill's essays on Bentham and Coleridge.

Such a course, and the generous and sensible view of English studies which finds room for it, have not been without their opponents; and it is ill quarrelling among allies in the presence of the enemy. We hope, then, that Mr. Leavis will forgive the cheerfulness that breaks through in our opening remarks, and will accept our thanks (as doubtless that of many others) for supplying a convenient and not too expensive reprint of these pivotal texts, with a challenging introductory essay.

The introductory essay contains (as we have implied) suggestions

**Mill on Bentham and Coleridge.* With an Introduction by F. R. LEAVIS. London: Chatto and Windus [Toronto: Clarke, Irwin & Company Limited]. 1950. Pp. 168. 7/6, $1.75.

for a course in nineteenth-century thought and an exposition of Mill in relation thereto. It is a characteristic performance in its virtues and defects. Like most of Mr. Leavis's "revaluations," it has a certain freshness, sometimes purchased at the expense of wholeness and balance. Like them, it is clearly not the work of an historian, scrupulously anxious to see the century in its fulness as it really was, or to let his conclusions emerge from a patient study of original documents. Such a method of making the past present to oneself is not for Mr. Leavis an important part of the discipline of English studies. Mr. Leavis's introduction suggests the pedagogue and one whose primary concern is to bring out the immediate relevance of the past to our contemporary situation. It is, of course, a question of emphasis merely. One cannot pursue Mr. Leavis's method without in fact learning a great deal about the nineteenth century, any more than one can read historically the texts he employs without recognizing their relevance at many points to the world today.

To young men in a hurry Mr. Leavis's plan will commend itself. He would have them peruse Mrs. Sidney Webb's *My Apprenticeship* (which is, of course, useful for rapid collateral reading, as useful as Dickens's *Hard Times,* which on all counts Mr. Leavis greatly overrates), omit Carlyle (as obsolete) and Ruskin (as not indeed obsolete, but easy to get up from secondary sources!) and, concentrating on the rise and fall of Utilitarian individualism, master Mill and Arnold as nuclear points around which to assemble relevant facts and ideas. To a rather surprising extent Mr. Leavis is willing to depend on secondary sources, recommending in his footnotes some of the more obvious books (most of them acceptable enough—save Lippincott's *Victorian Critics of Democracy,* which he strangely finds "very useful") but omitting classics like Dicey's *Law and Opinion in England,* standard works like Roe's *Social Philosophy of Carlyle and Ruskin,* and less obvious titles like Tsanoff's admirable *Moral Ideals of Our Civilization.*

This method gives Mr. Leavis and his students time for the inevitable Dr. Richards and Mr. Eliot, those pivotal points in our own century. Of the former, Mr. Leavis reminds us that his *Coleridge on Imagination* takes its rise from Mill's ambition to combine the methods of Coleridge and Bentham, and shrewdly adds that the result is very different from Mill's, being in effect to "replace Coleridge by Bentham." This result Mr. Leavis deplores. But his own conception of nineteenth-century thought, and of the use to which Mill's "two great seminal minds," Bentham and Coleridge, are to be put, is in some ways strangely restricted. He nowhere suggests that Mill's essays, and

especially that on Coleridge, require to be supplemented by exploration in these two authors themselves. He accepts, without comment, Mill's predominantly secular reading of Coleridge, who was nothing if not a religious philosopher, and proceeds to disregard the whole religious motive in nineteenth-century thought: Newman is not even dismissed as obsolete, or left to be got up from secondary sources: he is ignored. Critical of some deficiencies in Philosophical Radicalism, Mr. Leavis has nothing to say of Philosophical Conservatism: Burke does not rate a backward, nor Disraeli a forward, glance; yet Coleridge was the great exponent of Philosophical Conservatism. On Idealism, in its German and its English sources, Mr. Leavis is equally silent, though Mill is not. This is a grave deficiency in any introduction to nineteenth-century thought, and perhaps accounts for the dismissal of Carlyle to limbo since it leaves no point of connection for his greatest work, *Sartor Resartus*. We hear nothing, really, of the Empirical tradition, which Bentham represents, Coleridge criticizes, and Mill discusses. We hear nothing of natural science and its relation to, and modification of, this tradition, in Mill himself, in Darwin, Herbert Spencer, T. H. Huxley, and Samuel Butler. We hear nothing of the conflict of science and religion, and nothing of the adjustments of literature and science in education (which Arnold discusses and whose results are with us today). . . .

In short, there are a good many objects visible from Brighton Pier, some close at hand, others more distant, upon which our discoverer bestows no attention, as he sweeps the horizon for vessels not yet in sight. Or, to abandon metaphor, there are important authors and issues in nineteenth-century thought for whom and which it would be worthwhile to postpone, if unavoidable, the perusal of Mrs. Webb, Dr. Richards, and Mr. Eliot.

HISTORY AND PROVIDENCE* — WILLIAM BLISSETT

A "study in the background of the idea of progress" may be expected to relate its findings to the body of material presented in J. B. Bury's classic work on the subject and to the researches into primitivism and related ideas by the Johns Hopkins school. Professor Tuveson's does so, but with such significant modifications of its own as to mark a distinctly new phase in the historical study of the idea. Following out a suggestion of Professor R. S. Crane in his article on "Anglican Apolo-

**Millennium and Utopia: A Study in the Background of the Idea of Progress.* By ERNEST LEE TUVESON. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press. 1949. Pp. xiv, 341. $6.50.

getics and the Idea of Progress" (*Modern Philology,* XXXI, 1934, 273 ff.), that the conception of history as development under Providence is pervasive in Christian thought of the Early Church and the Middle Ages, he argues for the modification—though not the rejection—of Bury's contention that the conditions for a theory of progress did not exist before the eighteenth century. Always latent and often manifest in the theological writing of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is this general Christian view of the course of history under Providence; and in speculation as to the meaning of the prophecies in the Apocalypse and especially of the promised millennium, a train of thought is initiated which will lead eventually to the full, secularized concept. While the appropriation by some eighteenth-century rationalists of the Christian idea of a Heavenly City has been discussed at length by Professor Carl Becker, this thread has not until now been followed back into the period of the Renaissance and Reformation; and the sources of progressivism before the eighteenth century have been sought, by Professor R. F. Jones and others, almost exclusively in the early scientists and the secular historians with their "modernist" or "cyclical" views of the course of history. While Tuveson gives this investigation its due, he maintains that the dynamic of later progressivism—a more interesting feature than its rather shallow content of thought—was to be supplied not from the scientists' or historians' assumption of the possibility of advance or of cyclical return but from the conviction of speculative theologians (and their host of readers)—springing from a long tradition of exegesis of apocalypse—of its inevitability.

To prove this contention he traces the apocalyptic view of history in patristic and medieval thought and gives a wealth of documentation to the upsurge of polemical interpretation which appeared with the Reformation. When the Apocalypse looms large in scripture, the first result is to flatten out history and to rob day-to-day events of their significance; but the logic of this position, by giving today's events (including today's exegesis) the significance of the fulfilment of prophecy, raises the present to a unique dignity and allows for—even demands—the appearance, either today or tomorrow, of the startlingly new, the millennially pure and liberated.

The logic of this movement of ideas is, I think, amply demonstrated in the early chapters of the book, but sometimes this is accomplished at the expense of the historical sequence. Chapter III, "A Mechanist New Jerusalem," in particular is rather huddled and cluttered: the text does not supply dates for the persons under consideration, and the

notes tell us only the dates of the editions used. Joseph Mede (1586-1638), for instance, is considered before Thomas Brightman (1562-1607), to the confusion of the history and in this case even the logic of development; for Brightman belongs very markedly with the exegetes of the Reformation—the Magdeburg Centuriators, Foxe, and Sleidan—while Mede looks forward to the Cambridge Platonists and past them to the writers of the Restoration and eighteenth century. These latter writers—Thomas Burnet, Lord Monboddo and men of like mind—are dealt with at length in two concluding chapters which are not marred by the defects of the transitional ones.

Little exception can be taken to the book's historical scholarship. Joachim of Flora, however, though certainly not in what we today regard as the main stream of medieval thought, was surely the source of a notable counter-current the effect of which was not confined to the heretical underground: exonerated of suspicion of personal heresy by Aquinas and praised by Dante, Joachim soon found his doctrines being used by Emperor and Pope for much the same sort of theo-historical purpose as those of Wycliffe and the Reformers in later times, though of course with less disruptive intent and outcome.

Mr. Tuveson is to be praised for having freed himself from the secularism of the Johns Hopkins school—an attitude of mind which has permitted Professors Lovejoy and Boas and others to write learnedly and voluminously of primitivism with hardly a mention of the idea of the primitive church as supplying not only one of the most frequent uses of the word "primitive" but also its chief associations of pristine virtue and simplicity. Again, he has not been overly eager for one idea to develop into another idea, and he has wisely left open the question of whether the secularization of Christian thought is to be regarded as a development or a degeneration. There is, moreover, a subdued concern with the possible truth or falsity of the ideas under discussion and with their implications in human life which is refreshing in a study of this type. In his concluding remarks, however, when he points out the disappearance of the hope of a millennium in T. S. Eliot's view of history, he might, I think, have avoided a wrong emphasis by coupling this with the observation that Eliot is in one sense the most apocalyptic of Christian poets and has always been concerned with time in the context of the Last Things.

Though not intended primarily as a literary study, the book contains some excellent observations. Mr. Tuveson quotes, for instance, this passage from Henry More on the life after death: "There is nothing that we enjoy but they may have their fees out of it; fair Fields, large and invious Woods, pleasant Gardens, high and healthful Mountains,

where the purest gusts of Aire are to be met with, Crystal Rivers, mossy Springs, solemnity of Entertainments, Theatrick Pomps and Shews." He goes on to summarize and comment: "Anyone who doubts that the seventeenth century had its nature lovers may be reassured by learning that the departed love to see the changes of seasons. These souls also are in the full stream of the new philosophy: 'they may entertain themselves with Intellectual Contemplations, whether Naturall, Mathematical, or Metaphysical.' Wordsworth and Descartes would be equally at home in Henry More's intermediate place of departed spirits. . . ." Students of literature will miss the fuller treatment of Spenser and Milton which would have been relevant, though not essential, to the discussion; but that may perhaps await a treatment of the Apocalypse in the Renaissance to balance Professor Arnold Williams's study of the Renaissance commentaries on Genesis.

With the reservations noted, it may be said that the book is an excellent presentation of a thesis and is clearly the product of research animated by imagination. It is, moreover, attractively produced, and the compiler of the admirable index (who, by the way, knows Rousseau as Jean-Jacques, not the Jean-Baptiste of the text) deserves a final word of praise, coupled with the pious hope that other university publishers will note and copy.

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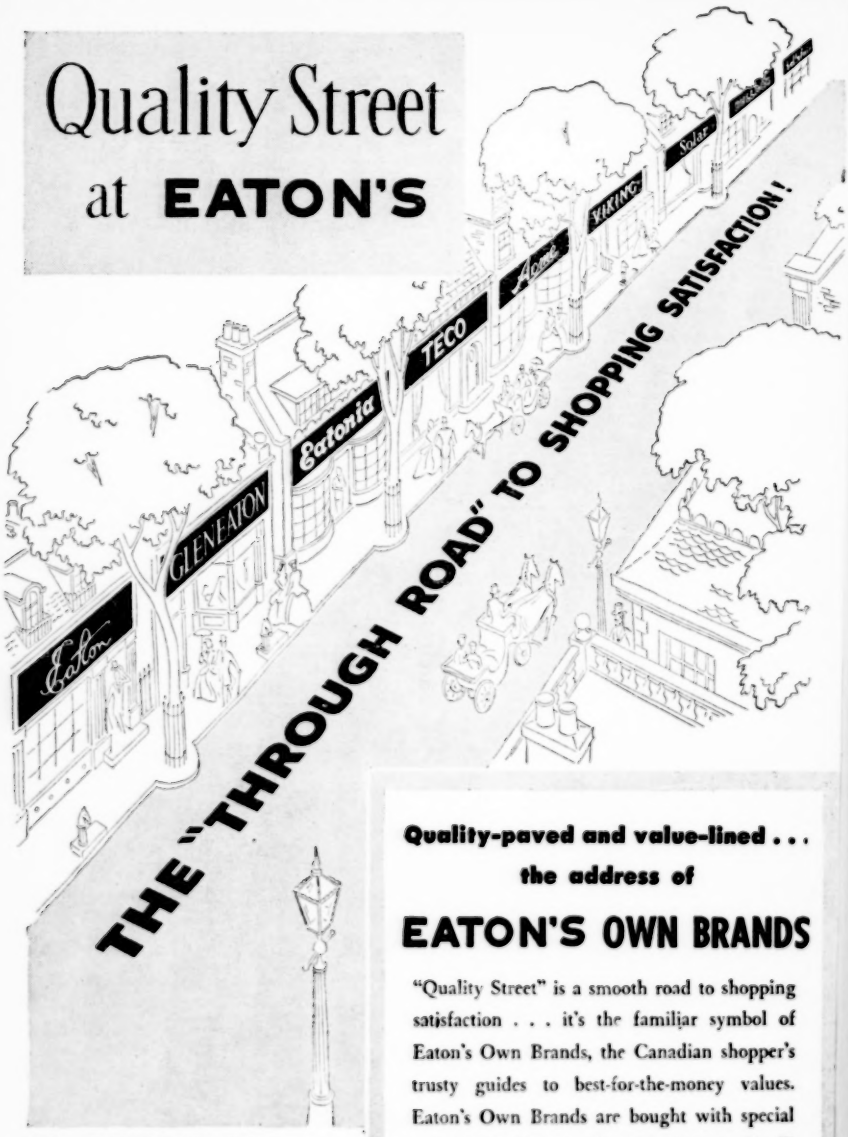

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